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THE DEVIL'S REPERTOIRE

BY THE SAME WRITER:

SHALL OUR CHILDREN LIVE OR DIE?
IN DARKEST GERMANY
OUR THREATENED VALUES
MY DEAR TIMOTHY
MORE FOR TIMOTHY

Anthologies:

A YEAR OF GRACE
FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

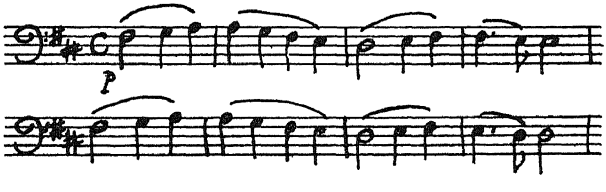
THE DEVIL'S REPERTOIRE

or

NUCLEAR BOMBING AND THE LIFE OF MAN

by

VICTOR GOLLANCZ



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For Francesca's coming child,
and for Ruth, as always.
And for all decent, kindly people
like our friend Mrs. Baker.

3910250 18 1959

God therefore took man as a creature of indeterminate nature and, assigning him a place in the middle of the world, addressed him thus: "Neither a fixed abode nor a form that is thine alone nor any function peculiar to thyself have we given thee, Adam, to the end that according to thy longing and according to thy judgment thou mayest have and possess what abode, what form, and what functions thou thyself shalt desire. The nature of all other beings is limited and constrained within the bounds of laws prescribed by Us. Thou, constrained by no limits, in accordance with thine own free will, in whose hand We have placed thee, shalt ordain for thyself the limits of thy nature. We have set thee at the world's centre that thou mayest from thence more easily observe whatever is in the world. We have made thee neither of heaven nor of earth, neither mortal nor immortal, so that with freedom of choice and with honour, as though the maker and moulder of thyself, thou mayest fashion thyself in whatever shape thou shalt prefer. Thou shalt have the power to degenerate into the lower forms of life, which are brutish. Thou shalt have the power, out of thy soul's judgment, to be reborn into the higher forms, which are divine."

PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA

FOREWORD

NOTHING ABOUT BOMB tests will be found in the body of this book, for my purpose has been to deal with the manufacture of these weapons, not with a process incidental to it. But reference ought to be made to the proposal, issued by Great Britain and America a few hours before this foreword is being written, that we and the Russians should confer on October 31 with a view to arranging, if agreement can be reached, a temporary suspension of these tests. The reason for this proposal is obvious: namely, the virtual impossibility of maintaining the present deadlock in face of the report of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation, roughly synchronising with a statement from the Conference of "East-West" scientists at Geneva. The Committee estimates that if bomb tests continue at their present rate, between five thousand and sixty thousand people a year may die of leukemia as a result: and the Conference is unanimous in finding that international supervision of tests is feasible.

There are two things to be said about this proposal. First: though a reprieve for many thousands of lives, beyond those that may already have been sacrificed, will be a heartening gain; and though any sort of agreement is at once to be welcomed as providing a possible breathing-space for the wider negotiations envisaged: let no one imagine for a

moment that the dangers described in this book, spiritual and physical, are, in their essentials, to the smallest degree diminished. Thousands upon thousands of these abominable weapons still exist; their number still grows daily; mass murder is still contemplated by, at present, three nations, including our own—and if that infuriates the reader, I beg him to continue till at least the fourth chapter, and then he may flay me as he will—while others are already, or soon may be, eager candidates for participation in this iniquity. Those are the essentials: and a suspension of tests, if it comes, should be regarded as nothing but an opportunity for seeking to end, by our own initiative, the whole bitter offence against mankind.

And the second thing to be said is this. The circumstances of the proposal reinforce most powerfully the whole burden of the chapters that follow, for they demonstrate, at the very moment and in the very act of what might seem a change of heart or mind, the precise opposite. Russia, earlier this year, announced a suspension of her own tests, immediately after completing a great and continuous series of them: immediately after, that is, she had satisfied herself of her ability to destroy her opponent. And now we and the Americans propose a suspension, not immediately, but as from October 31: by which date both countries will have completed all the further tests they have in mind, and will have satisfied themselves of their ability to destroy their opponent. Not only has the date, October 31, been chosen precisely in order to allow for these tests, but the first of our own was announced on the same day as the proposal, and the very document that contains the proposal actually refers to the continuing series.

That, with the United Nations report before us, we should deliberately jeopardise still more lives in order to continue this mad rivalry is quite scandalous. Meanwhile General de Gaulle, who, you would have thought, had enough on his hands if he were minded to repair the true glory of France, refuses to associate himself with the proposal, for fear that he may not be in time to explode his own bomb (and so qualify for the receipt of the full nuclear "know-how" from America) before October 31: and China, it is understood—to reinforce Russia? from distrust of Russia? or just because China is, after all, China, a separate, sovereign Power, and determined to proclaim it by the currently fashionable method?—will shortly be exploding hers. No, nothing is changed: quite to the contrary.

I have to thank, for various kind services, Sheila Bush, John and Diana Collins, Annette Crownshaw, Livia Gollancz, Dorothy Horsman, Ira and Edita Morris, Elinor Murphy, Arthur Penney, Professor Rotblat, Hilary Rubinstein, A. J. P. Taylor and Professor Waddington.

Material quoted in the book is identified, under the heading "references", at the end.

V.G.

Brimpton, August 23, 1958

A NOTE FOR THE AMERICAN EDITION

POLITICS, everyone knows, is the art of the possible. Christ demanded, almost everyone thinks (whatever some may profess), the impossible. The theme of this book is simply that, unless the impossibilism of Christ is substituted for the possibilism of politics, the world must destroy itself. In the nuclear age, the wages of sin is universal death.

V. G.

London, December, 1958

CONTENTS

Chapter

I INTRODUCTORY 19

II SPIRIT AND MATTER 39

III SPIRIT AND ETHICS 75

IV THE BOMB 109

V THE DEVIL'S REPERTOIRE 153

"You can't apply Christianity to politics" 153

"We don't want emotionalism, we want reason" 174

"Too much sentimentality!" 175

"It isn't practical" 177

"It isn't realistic" 179

"They're the sort of people you've got to get tough with" 179

"But that's a counsel of perfection" 180

"Cloud-cuckoo-land!" 180

"It's opposed to all common sense" 181

"I could understand it if you were a pacifist" 181

"Ordinary war-wounds are quite as bad— 182

—and so is cancer" 183

REFERENCES 189

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

THE PHOTOGRAPH facing page 58 is of a savage listening to Mozart. It is reproduced, by permission of Victor Gollancz Limited, from Alain Gheerbrant's *The Impossible Adventure*. The one facing page 59 is of a man with scarred tissue, the result of atomic burning. It is reproduced, by kind permission of Allan Wingate Limited, from Fernand Gigon's *Formula for Death*.

I

INTRODUCTORY

INTRODUCTORY

THIS PIECE OF writing is concerned with the moral case, as it is usually called, in favour of unilateral nuclear disarmament: or, as I should prefer to call it, the spiritual or religious case. By "nuclear disarmament" I mean the determination, on the part of any people that already possesses nuclear weapons in any form or number, never to use them, and never to contemplate or threaten their use, whatever the circumstances that may exist or may conceivably arise: together with a definite and unambiguous statement to that effect, in words having nothing in common with the normal language of diplomacy. I mean of course, also, the immediate and patent destruction of any such weapons as the nation in question may possess, and a total abandonment of any research or experimentation that may have as its object the use of nuclear energy for military purposes. And because research and experimentation for beneficent purposes must always involve military possibilities after some sort of time-lag (or perhaps after none), I mean, further, an insistence by the nation aforesaid on constant inspection of all its nuclear establishments with a view to preventing, in whatever degree may be possible, and in the spirit as well as the letter, any breach of its pledge: inspection by an instructed committee of its own citizens, as well as by representatives of any other nation that might

agree to take part. And I mean, finally, the vigilant maintenance of such a climate of opinion as would render purely mechanical safeguards, of the kind just mentioned, not merely otiose but intolerably offensive to the national honour.

The word "unilateral" requires no definition. It signifies the adoption of this policy, by the people in question, wholly irrespective of what any other people or peoples may do, threaten to do, or be suspected, in whatever circumstances, of intending to do.

I wish, however, to outrage language by giving an extended meaning to the word "disarmament". You cannot disarm unless you have arms already: so that, if I were to use the word exclusively in its proper connotation, I could be addressing these chapters only to the British Commonwealth, the United States of America, and the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. But I want to address it to every nation in the world: to those newer friends of mine in Germany, for instance, and to those far older ones in France, who are panicking to become members of what is called, with a horrible jauntiness that recalls those Viennese waltzes at Belsen, the Nuclear Club. So take nuclear disarmament to signify also, apart from its proper meaning, a determination, on the part of any nation as yet innocent of atomic weapons, no longer even to contemplate acquiring them.

But for all that, and while I shall write nothing a whit less applicable to America or Russia or Germany or France than to ourselves, I address myself primarily, of course, to my own fellow-citizens. It is not merely that the policy advocated is a little less inconceivable in Britain than in any other

country, though that, I believe, is the case: nor is it merely that, from the better sort of patriotism, one would be glad if the life-saving word were to come from ourselves. No: the basic reason is rather this—that every Englishman is inescapably responsible for what his rulers of the moment may either do or fail to do in his name, as he is not so directly and immediately responsible for what may happen elsewhere. Not so *directly* or *immediately*: for it will be at the heart of my argument that any one of us, not only in our own country but anywhere in the world—a single unknown one of us who might just turn the scale—may be holding at his awful disposal the physical life or death, and the spiritual salvation or damnation, of millions.

I am aware that the words "inescapably responsible" have an old-fashioned ring. They smack, I shall be told, and particularly by the young, of the thirties: and what came of it, they will ask—of all that personal involvement in politics, all that mass activity, all those meetings, marches, lobbyings, rallies, petitions and the rest? Was Czechoslovakia "saved"? Did the Spanish Republic survive? And, to come to the heart of it, did the whole box of tricks make a ha'pence of difference to the upshot—six years of unspeakable devastation that brought death, mutilation, agony, madness, hatred, and corruption to million upon million in a despairing world?

I haven't the faintest idea, nor has anyone else, whether the present would be better or worse, materially and/or spiritually, and whether prospects would be brighter or blacker, if we had twiddled our thumbs in the thirties and left it, as Stafford Cripps used to say, to "them". It is not only stupid to calculate like that, but very base. Success isn't

the criterion, for the reason, among others, that only God or time or eternity can truly measure "success": to serve the public good, with as much humility as you can manage, and to the best of your judgment and abilities, that is the criterion. It is odd that Christians, with the Crucifixion at the very heart of their beliefs, formal or otherwise, should need to be reminded of this.

Maybe lack of imagination and nothing worse, an inability to see further than an inch or to reflect beyond the immediate moment, is at the bottom of that political quietism which the Greeks contemptuously characterised as idiotic—as the behaviour of *idiotai* or "private citizens": a man will rush into the water, at the risk of his own life, to save a child from drowning, but won't lift a finger to save unborn generations from the monstrous horrors, the imbecility and shrunken heads and rotting skin and blood cancer and the rest, which, unless we do something about it, may very well await them. Or perhaps a false humility is at the bottom of it: I am a tiny individual, people think, and can do nothing in the face of a problem so vast. But something worse, perhaps, than either lack of imagination or false humility must be held to explain what, in the fashionable cant, is called the "disengagement" of many young intellectuals or pseudo-intellectuals at the present time, and particularly of those with literary and artistic aspirations. Their job, they will tell you, is to cultivate their own spiritual gardens: I have even heard one of them say—one of the most famous—that his job is to see God face to face, and let his fellows go hang. St. James, a couple of millennia ago, commented sufficiently on that sort of attitude. At the bottom of

it, of course, is a cynical and solipsistic selfishness, disguised though it may be by the argument that the higher every individual's development—in a kind of mythical vacuum, a vacuum that can never exist—then the better, ultimately, for the world as a whole. A sort of spiritual enlightened self-interest, in fact. The truth is that the direct quest for personal salvation is a species of spiritual illiteracy: true religion consists in losing one's soul—which, as part of the process, is automatically saved.

I do not doubt for a moment that there is another side to all this. A writer, either still at Oxford or just down from it, has been describing the situation there in a newspaper article. "Apathetic, mildly right of centre," he says, "Oxford is beginning to sit up and take notice—even if as yet it is only a minority that does it. Political activity . . . is once again becoming 'smart'. And the Left, once the dreariest of dreary political positions, is coming back into favour." But, he continues, the typical note of the new Left is altogether different from that of the old Left, the Left of the thirties: they "usually reject the preoccupations of professional politicians . . . Indeed, to listen to some of the more devoted members of the new cult one would imagine that the final close-up of the latest American social realist film was of greater political significance than the latest election results. This can be made to sound chi-chi and irresponsible, a Left-wing version of Nero's fiddle. But, in fact, it is political dissatisfaction . . . which makes so many Oxford socialists see culture as of greater political significance than politics themselves. The Welfare State has given the masses higher purchasing power than they ever had; but it has left control

over mass entertainments in the hands of a narrow oligopoly. Hence it carries with it a menace: the Big Sleep of the glossy magazine and the Wide Screen—a menace that is ultimately political as well as aesthetic. For it is impossible to advance politically beyond the Welfare State with a population of cultural dope addicts—it is difficult even to maintain democracy at its present not particularly virile level. Culture and politics are bound together: politics is about people, not the economic men of the laissez-faire textbooks. And in the end people's values, and the terms of reference within which they live—politically too—are set by the films they see and the newspapers they read, not the speeches their M.P. delivers to a half empty House of Commons."

Quite so: this view of modern "culture", and of the interrelation between culture and politics, is a sound one, and no insistence on it, as some later paragraphs will show, could be excessive. But Rome *is* burning: and if these younger people confine their activities to an onslaught on the Big Sleep of the glossy magazine and the Wide Screen, they *are* fiddling like Nero. What good is it for them to preoccupy themselves with culture, if at any moment atomic warfare may annihilate the possibility of any sort of culture at all, true or false? Nonetheless they are in far better case than their elders, or than such of them as, to all appearance, are washing their hands of any involvement whatever in the contemporary situation.

We also hear a good deal nowadays about the corrupting effects on intellect and character of immersion in "causes", to use a term that was once highly honourable but is at the moment faintly redolent of the ridiculous or even disgraceful.

Well, it cannot be gainsaid that the moment a man participates in the work of any party or "cause" all manner of perils assail him: he is in danger of losing his proper independence, of compromising with the truth for the purpose of making a case, of abandoning thought in the turmoil of action, of preferring manœuvres to straight dealing, and of becoming either a cog or a mock-Messiah. But nothing could be more contemptible than to abandon a duty because dangers are inherent in the pursuit of it: the only honourable course is to pursue it and watch out for the dangers.

The worst of all grounds for political quietism is the idea that "they know far better than I do". The answer is, quite simply, that they don't: they know, in fact, far worse. In the case of all trades and professions it is vital to distinguish between technical knowledge, special skills and exclusive information on the one hand, and the ability to form sound judgments on the other. A doctor may know, as a layman cannot, that a particular piece of vivisection might result in a cure for cancer: but he cannot judge better, and may judge far worse, whether the experiment is justifiable, because *this* he must judge not as a doctor but as a man, and his judgment may be impaired by his special interests or zeals. (I should add, perhaps, that I am not myself, in all circumstances, an anti-vivisectionist.) Everyone can see this immediately when the case is extreme: humanity may benefit, for all the layman can know, from the indescribable operations performed by Nazi doctors on guinea-pig women in Polish concentration camps, but professionalism, on top of moral corruption, debarred these experts from judging, as the layman will unhesitatingly judge, that they were acting

with bestial wickedness. Again: Rutherford, or whoever it was, could split the atom, and John Smith hardly knew what an atom was; but John Smith, if told what for good or evil might come of it, could have decided at least as soundly as Rutherford whether the atom should be split. Nor is it a question only of judging right or wrong: it is a question also of the power to decide. If I have cancer, and the desirability of an operation comes up, it is for the doctor to explain, without bias or evasion, the various pros and cons of the case: it is for me to decide what to do about it. Human dignity demands nothing less. I am a man, a little lower than the angels, born for freedom: Freud, Marx, Pavlov and all the rest of them notwithstanding.

But what applies, in this connection, to doctors, scientists, and the like applies in far greater degree, over the whole international field, to politicians (particularly when in office) and to that vast and, in its way, highly honourable apparatus on which they so largely depend: the civil and diplomatic services, the top brass, and, on the perimeter, those obscure and scattered romanticists who devil for "intelligence" and "counter-intelligence"—right out to the occasional *agent provocateur*. This great congeries of politicians and the rest—a sort of gigantic octopus, its tentacles reaching everywhere—is equipped, like the doctor or scientist, with its own exclusive information and its own peculiar skills and techniques. But its information, unlike that of a scientist, if he "knows his stuff", or of a doctor, if he listens to his patient, is a haphazard sort of omnium gatherum, and often perilously at fault: witness the way Sir Stafford Cripps, when our Ambassador to Moscow, misjudged the Russian potentiality

for defence. And as for its skills and techniques, these consist, for a whole range of international circumstances, in a series of traditionally stereotyped rules, which the overwhelming majority of professionals, whatever ideas they may start off with, quickly learn not to question: such as that you must never commit yourself until you can positively no longer avoid doing so; that you must use a special language with a meaning more or less other than its patent one, which the enemy (namely all other countries, including, in the final analysis, your allies of the moment) is nevertheless expected, and rightly so, to understand; that, for all this, you must "study" with care any statement by the enemy, to make certain that you decode it correctly; that you must always preserve space for manœuvre; that you must never agree to a conference, if any of your "vital interests" might be at stake, until you have so "prepared" for it as to ensure, as far as possible, your own success; that you must always suspect other people's motives; that you must abjure candour like the devil; that you must never give anything away, unless by doing so you can get something; that gullibility is the ultimate vice; and so on and so forth, through a far longer list that the reader can supply for himself.

Now these hack procedures, which operate automatically and have nothing in common with the scrupulous techniques of the scientist, are not merely neutral in their effect on a man's power of larger judgment: they are highly detrimental to it. When you are playing a game against opponents of metal your preoccupation is to win: but the naive onlooker may observe, as you in the immediate pressure on you

cannot, that other rules would be better, or even that the game in its entirety is idiotic and deleterious. And as the analogy of a game has been introduced, a curious refinement may be noted: a politician's attitude to his opposite number is a highly ambivalent one. In the very act of fighting the enemy he is also, to some extent, collaborating with him: just as, during the first world war, the French refrained from bombarding a German munitions factory, or as Soviet politicians, it is said, prefer dealing with opposite numbers as right-wing as possible, for "progressives", they imagine, might fly in the face of established procedure. The rules on both sides are the same: the national war is fought out within a species of international professionalism. And "their", the politicians', ability to assess what is truly required in the sphere of world politics, compared with ours, with that of ordinary citizens, is by so much still further impaired.

As for disinterestedness, here again there is a vital distinction between, say, doctors and politicians. A disinterested doctor is concerned with the cure of his patients or the development of medical science, and these are essentially valuable objectives: it is zeal for something good in its own right that may blind him, as in the case of vivisection, to those larger considerations that others may more accurately assess. It cannot be said, therefore, Nazi experimenters apart—it would be ludicrous to say—that the zeal must *ipso facto* issue in a balance of evil, or that the man is automatically fighting against his own proper objectives. But the case with politicians is quite other. As a result of traditional attitudes, which operate with unbroken continuity; of the

unquestioned assumptions underlying the very meaning and existence of that huge interlocking network—Foreign Office, Defence Ministry, etcetera—to which they must look for information and guidance; and of the whole moral and intellectual atmosphere that surrounds and determines them: disinterestedness, for politicians in office, and in respect of foreign relations, must almost inevitably connote (whatever may have been the exceptions) a personally disinterested concern for the interests of their own country. Now I am far from believing that the interests of Englishmen, the word "interests" being decently interpreted, are a whit less important than the interests of any other sort of national, and if "my country right or wrong" is a base piece of chauvinistic emotionalism, "my country always wrong", with the chauvinism inverted, is perhaps a trifle baser. But the point is this. A time has arrived in the world's history when to fix your eyes obsessively, or even predominantly, on your countrymen's interests is in fact to be fighting against the chief of those interests, namely survival in tolerable conditions or perhaps survival at all; for now at last it must surely be clear that nothing at all can save any of us, in the long run if not in the short run, but a passionate conviction, issuing in permanent attitudes of mind and in specific action, that the true interest of every individual on this globe—which is, first, to survive, and, second, to live as abundantly as possible—is of equal value with this same interest in every other individual; and you cannot maintain this conviction, you cannot foster these attitudes, you cannot improvise this action unless you fix your eyes, predominantly and indeed obsessively, on the interests, not of your own country, but

of the world as a whole. Except in the rarest cases, however, the politician is *ipso facto* debarred—by his professionalism, by the specific character of his very disinterestedness—from this life-saving objectivity: and he tends therefore, whatever his special knowledge and techniques, to be less capable than the intelligent outsider of a sound judgment on such ultimate questions as that of the hydrogen bomb. This is not to idealise the man in the street, who is prone, for the most part, to an identical myopia—for the reason, among others, that politicians, and their allies in the press, have incomparable weapons of propaganda at their daily disposal, and have failed to realise that they alone, in these days of declining religion, can effectively exercise the old functions of prophet or priest: no, it is merely to suggest that politicians suffer, in this matter of moral judgment, from an added disability.

Readers of a certain political tinge may agree with my characterisation, in the last three paragraphs, of what I have called the apparatus, but may complain that, so far as politicians are concerned, I have failed to draw a necessary distinction between "progressives" and "reactionaries". I can only reply that, as I read modern history, the behaviour of "progressives" and "reactionaries", when in office and when the shoe pinches, has been broadly identical, though the number of dissentients among "progressives" may have been greater. And I think, for this reason, that the Soviet Union's reputed preference for "reactionaries", if it exists, is mistaken.

* * *

Political quietism has been attacked, so far, negatively:

the arguments for disengagement and non-committal, it has been suggested, are either base or invalid. But a few words ought perhaps to be said, trite though they must be, about the positive case for political activism. They may be summed up in an old phrase that would infuriate the cynic were he capable of anything sharper than boredom: We are members one of another. Not to bring Christ into the matter—at this stage—let me quote a few words from the notebook of Marcus Aurelius:

"For we [the whole human community] have come into being for co-operation, as have the feet, the hands, the eyelids, the rows of upper and lower teeth . . . A branch cut off from its neighbour branch cannot but be cut off from the whole plant. In the very same way a man severed from one man has fallen away from the fellowship of all men. Now a branch is cut off by others, but a man separates himself from his neighbour by his own agency in hating him or turning his back upon him; and is unaware that he has thereby sundered himself from the whole civic community. But mark the gift of Zeus who established the law of fellowship. For it is in our power to grow again to the neighbour branch, and again become perfective of the whole. But such a schism constantly repeated makes it difficult for the seceding part to unite again and resume its former condition. And in general the branch that from the first has shared in the growth of the tree and lived with its life is not like that which has been cut off and afterwards grafted on to it, as the gardeners are apt to tell you. Be of one bush, but not of one mind."

Or, in shorter form: "It tolls for thee."

How *can* a man, with any pride in his manhood, wash his hands of humanity? How *can* he, by "separating from his neighbour", refuse to play his part in "perfecting the whole"? It is a plain fact, and not the airy imagining of a sentimental moralist, that we have "come into being for co-operation": we live by community, we depend for the quality and flavour of our life on community, without community we die. Die literally: even a hermit in the desert must die unless someone brings him food, even the man who spent years on the summit of the temple of Jupiter could only survive because people filled the basket that nourished him, and kept the rope he drew it up by in repair. What, then? Are we to accept the benefits of community, and abjure its responsibilities? And if the answer, the decent answer, has been plain since the dawn of civilisation and earlier, isn't it a thousand times plainer *now* than at any other period of history, now when what is in question is the very continuance of humanity? We are like shipwrecked mariners in a tiny boat on a vast ocean: we are like a party of travellers lost in an uncharted jungle. Do we refuse in these cases, if we are even of minimal worth, to take our turn at the oars? Do we slacken in our individual effort to find a way out? No, we co-operate: and we co-operate, again if we are even of minimal worth, not because our own survival is at stake, nor because we think only of others, but because, until a moment may come when this or that man or woman must be sacrificed, no distinction of the kind can arise. The good of each is seen unquestioningly as the good of all.

And, to drop our analogies, we have "come into being"

for a co-operation larger than the immediate one: for co-operation with human history as a whole. Only lack of imagination, mingled with an easy selfishness, prevents us from seeing this. Any average mother will do anything in her power, even sacrifice her own life, to save her child from disaster. Become a little more imaginative, she will see her neighbour's child as her own. But is there any essential difference, any difference in terms of suffering and love, which are the heritage of our common humanity, between my own child, my neighbour's child, and a child born a hundred miles away or to be born a hundred years hence? A step forward in imaginative sympathy, this is above all what is required of us: and when, having taken it, we reflect on the inevitable consequences of nuclear warfare, we are living now, at this moment, in the situation of unborn generations, the infant cretin or monster is our own, and we are persuaded that we must do all in our power to prevent such unspeakable suffering.

Always, when I am writing about human responsibility, I have a consciousness of failure: of failure to communicate the whole truth of the matter as I at any rate see it. Let me fall back, then, on a passage from the Talmud, which says what needs to be said far more vividly than I can:

"And Isaac asked the Eternal: 'O King of the World, when Thou didst make the light Thou didst say in Thy Torah that the light was good; and when Thou didst make the extent of the firmament and the extent of the earth Thou didst say in Thy Torah that they were good; and every herb Thou hast made, and every beast, Thou hast said

that they were good; but when Thou hadst made man in Thine image Thou didst not say in Thy Torah that man was good. Wherefore, Lord?' And God answered him: 'Because man I have not yet perfected, and because man is to perfect himself and to perfect the world.' "

To this I would add the following by a Catholic, Léon Bloy:

"Every man who begets a free act projects his personality into the infinite. If he gives a poor man a penny grudgingly, that penny pierces the poor man's hand, falls, presses the earth, bores holes in suns, crosses the firmament and compromises the universe. If he begets an unfair act, he perhaps darkens thousands of hearts whom he does not know, who are mysteriously linked to him, and who need this man to be pure as a traveller dying of thirst needs the Gospel's draught of water. A charitable act, an impulse of real pity sings for him the divine praises, from the time of Adam to the end of the centuries; it cures the sick, consoles those in despair, calms storms, ransoms prisoners, converts the infidel and protects mankind."

* * *

I am not, please notice, begging the question: I am by no means asking the reader, in this matter of nuclear weapons, to take it for granted that the policy I advocate is the right one, and to act on this assumption. What I am asking him is to feel a passionate concern; to realise his responsibility; to make up his mind; and, when he has done so, to support, oppose or seek to modify what "they" ("they" of the moment)

may be doing by all the means in his power—by his thinking, by his feeling, and by his actions, provided, of course, that such actions are not essentially inconsistent, as violence would be, with the objects he has in view. I am asking him, in other words, to abjure political quietism.

Let it be clear, finally, what the policy advocated *is*. Unilateral nuclear disarmament, that is what it is. Or, to repeat, the determination never to use nuclear weapons, and never to contemplate or threaten their use, whatever the circumstances that may exist or may conceivably arise; so to determine irrespective of what other people or peoples may do, threaten to do, or be suspected, in whatever circumstances, of intending to do: together with an unambiguous statement to this effect, and a patent destruction of such nuclear weapons as may already exist. The policy, that is to say, is a hundred-per-cent one: more, hundred-per-centness is its essence. Advocates of unilateralism in nuclear disarmament, if they have really understood the spiritual ground for it, can never admit reservations or talk of "necessary safeguards": to do so would be to contradict themselves, and to exhibit a far greater muddle-headedness than their opponents. The world of absoluteness is one world and the world of safeguards is another: and any compromise between them is by their very natures impossible.

Not a single political party anywhere in the world accepts, so far as I am aware, this absolute policy. In our own country, Socialists and Conservatives reject it, as corporate entities, with equal decisiveness: and what divides them on this question is trivial—a mere matter of emphasis, an arguable difference of view about tactics—when compared with the

gulf that separates both from the absolutists. But a considerable minority in many countries, a smaller one of politicians and a larger one of ordinary citizens, is either already absolutist or on the verge of becoming so; and it is very far from inconceivable that, given a widespread and clarifying appeal by them, their numbers might yet increase so rapidly as to forestall disaster. Let us turn then to consider their case.

II

SPIRIT AND MATTER

SPIRIT AND MATTER

IT WOULD CLEARLY be nonsense to discuss the spiritual case for unilateral nuclear disarmament, or for anything else, if there were no such thing as spirit. What do we mean, then, when we talk about spirit and the spiritual?

He would be a bold man who would attempt to answer such a question without fear and trembling, and without indeed a settled conviction that he must fail in his effort. If I plunge in at all, it is only because no one else, so far as I am aware, has written of nuclear disarmament from the spiritual point of view—which, in my opinion, is the only point of view that really matters.

Consider, then, two experiences—the experience of listening to music, and the experience of observing some example of loving self-sacrifice.

§ 1

There are various pleasures to be had from listening to music. There is an intellectual pleasure: the pleasure of following a logical development; of grasping a structure; of noticing ingenuities of harmony or counterpoint, or happy subtleties of ornamentation, or occasional touches of humour, or the like. There is also a sensuous pleasure: the nerves react delightedly, or with horror or excitement or a sensation of lulling tranquillity (and all such reactions are pleasurable),

to the drama and passion, the brief silences and gentle beginnings, the whole physical *sound* of the thing. But there are moments, and not only in listening to the works of the few supreme masters, when it is no longer a question of mere pleasure or even of happiness: it is a question of joy inexpressible. Wordsworth has perhaps expressed this experience better than any other writer in English:

> "In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request.
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
> His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
> That made him; it was blessedness and love."

The expression is exact. Wordsworth, in those last two lines, is by no means saying that he was *giving* thanks, that he *knew* himself blessed, that he *felt* himself loving or loved. He is saying that "his mind"—namely he, himself, his whole being—*was* a thanksgiving, *was* blessedness, *was* love. He was "rapt": he was merged: subject and object had become one: or rather, for the moment, the very distinction between subject and object was a falsehood.

Wordsworth was writing, of course, in the language of his day, when the word "God" came automatically to the lips or pen of a man who was attempting to describe such an experience. Nowadays things are different: to bring "God" into an argument is immediately to handicap oneself with a majority of the intelligent. So omit, at any rate for the time

being, two phrases from the above: "from the living God" and "to the power that made him". The passage can very well stand without them. We are concerned at the moment with description, not explanation.

* * *

An experience of the kind, which may fall to the lot of a music-lover not once in a year or decade but many times a week, and be always fresh and unblunted, cannot by its nature be reflected upon at the moment of its occurrence: it just happens, and that's the end of the matter. But it can be reflected upon subsequently; and the following characteristics then emerge:

(1) The primary note, if single notes can indeed be separated from the whole chord, is perhaps one of *rightness* and *inevitability*, or maybe one should say of *inevitable rightness*. This rightness is experienced as above beauty, and as above good and evil, though the good and the beautiful (and the evil, as a by-product) partake of it. And to hear this note of rightness is to know that all's well: this is one of the sources of the joy that engulfs one.

(2) To put it in a slightly different way, what is momentarily revealed—not through a glass darkly, but face to face—is *reality*. I do not of course mean that the *nature* of reality is revealed to one, in any way that could be even remotely analysed by, or formulated to, oneself or others. Rather, reality is for a moment *there*. Or more exactly, perhaps, one is for a moment *with* reality. (One responds, so to say, "that's reality".) And to be with it is to know again that all's well.

(3) One is not merely *with* it for a moment: one *is* it for a moment. There has been more than a visitation, there is communion: one is oneself part and parcel of the reality.

(4) The reality experienced must perforce be described as immaterial, in the sense that it impinges as being of a totally different order from that of my body, or of the concert-hall, or of the catgut on the fiddler's violins. Of a *totally* different order: existent in another dimension. And yet, when I reflect upon the experience afterwards, I realise that without my ears and the concert-hall and the catgut—not to mention the food and drink, and the music-paper, and the lodgings, of Beethoven's Viennese existence—no such communion could have been mine.

(5) The whole moment—the reality, myself, and my communion with it, to distinguish what in truth cannot be distinguished—is outside time and place: it is happening everywhere and in eternity. And the reality is *universal.* It includes, or rather it *is*, everything: everything that could possibly happen, everything that could conceivably *be.* But any idea that it is a sum total would, in recollection, be laughable: it is unitary as well as universal.

(6) The communion is also a *recognition.* One *recognises* something with a still but overwhelming delight: one greets it with a "Yes, this it is: this is what I know it to be, must ever know it to be, must ever have known it to be". (Or perhaps one says you rather than it: I don't remember.) And what is recognised is also the recogniser.

(7) Certain emotions, one realises later, or perhaps one should say identifications, have accompanied, or rather been bound up with, the moment. One's mind, in Wordsworth's

phraseology, has been blessedness and tranquillity, gratitude and—above everything—love. But there has been something else. There has been awe: one has bent the knee.

* * *

I have the fear that people who have never experienced this blessedness may regard what I have written as high-falutin or "emotional", or may even suspect me of having invented the whole business for the purpose of proving a theory—"half unconsciously", they might add, if they are charitable. I can only beg them to believe that this is not so. I have not been describing an occasional trance, or some weird sort of drug-induced ecstasy: I have been describing a common occurrence, shared by thousands of music-lovers, and one that, for all the wonder of it, is somehow clean-cut and sober. And the very essence of it is certainty, the very heart of it is a sort of final self-evidence.

It is in moments such as these, then, that spirit is revealed to the listener, that he lives in the spiritual: and that he should doubt its existence, or its distinction from matter, or its priority, in terms of value, to matter would be wholly impossible. A sceptic might argue that nothing more is involved than a specially fine physical response—a reaction, maybe, of unusually sensitive nerves—to a series of physical sounds grouped together with particular cunning; but the listener *knows* this is nonsense. To know a thing is not, of course, to prove it. But many things cannot be proved, though they cannot be doubted, either: a man may know, but cannot prove, that he loves or is loved. "God forbid that Truth should be confined to Mathematical Demonstration!"

Several questions arise. Is the spiritual reality personal, as Christians believe; or impersonal, as in the Buddhist tradition? However we may reply, its *existence* is unaffected: and it is only by analogy, anyhow, that such adjectives can be applied to the Mysterium Tremendum. Those who reply, as I happen myself to reply, "personal" are saying no more than that our apprehension of it, and the emotions of gratitude and love, of humility and awe that accompany this apprehension, somehow recall, at however far a remove, our relation to human personality—that human personality which "written and signed on each human countenance (in so extraordinary a way, sometimes, on the face of a great man) is something altogether sacred, something for the Resurrection, for eternal life, for the beatific Union." And we feel, also, that if human personality is the greatest thing we know, spiritual reality, which we understand to be greater, must surely be characterised by something akin to the personality that gives human creatures their greatness.

We do not, however, think of the Mystery as man writ large, and still less do we think of it as man with his vices writ large. The Archbishop of Canterbury felt able to say, in a comment on Mr. Philip Toynbee's *The Fearful Choice*, "Your premise is that since a nuclear war could lead to horrible consequences with the possibility that the human race itself would be exterminated, therefore at all costs the threat of nuclear war must be removed . . . For all I know it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself in this manner." To which the editor of *The New Statesman* referred as follows: "The Archbishop's reply to Philip Toynbee's appeal for unilateral nuclear

disarmament is said to have shocked a lot of people. To me it seems exactly what a good churchman should say. If you believe that a personal deity created the world, including the human animal, and then decided to regard as wicked certain actions he disliked and to drown the lot (except one family) in order to teach them a lesson, then is it not logical and doctrinally correct also to think the time may have come when 'it is within the providence of God that the human race should destroy itself'? After all, the prophecy ran 'no more water but fire next time', and it would need a nuclear fire to do the job properly." Or, as I should put it, the god of the Archbishop's pronouncement is not the living God, but a fossil of the Power that men imagined in their first fumbling efforts to unveil him.

This question of personality is only one of the many that arise. What, for instance, is the relation of "that" world, the world of spirit, to "this" world, the world of stocks and stones, of the human body, of non-human life, and of the bodily or animal instincts and impulses in human life itself? Is the spiritual somehow a development out of the material, or is the material rather an instrument of the spiritual, as in the mythos of Creation? The clear priority of the spiritual in terms of value, as well as that all-inclusive universality which, in moments of direct experience, we apprehend in it—while matter, so to say, is bits and pieces—would appear, in my opinion, to put the answer beyond doubt; but if the other one is preferred, little, for our present purpose, is altered. Materialists presumably believe that human self-consciousness has evolved from our animal nature. But would they deny that, having evolved, it exists *in its own right*?

And would they deny, further, that it is something totally different in kind, as well as something "higher", than anything that has hitherto appeared in the animal creation? And there we can perhaps leave the question for the time being, hoping that further clarification may arise in the course of this chapter.

* * *

If listening to music has been the experience chosen for my purpose, this is partly because music says most to me, and partly because, by reason of its very imprecision, it is peculiarly fitted to communicate spiritual reality. But "the high hour of visitation" may come upon people under divers other conditions: when they are reading a book, and suddenly a few symbols on the page reveal a world ("Or if the secret ministry of frost Shall hang them up in silent icicles, Quietly shining to the quiet Moon"); or when they are walking in a garden, or on an open down, or by an inland cliff, or where sunlight floods a city street; or when they are just idling, and "What is this," they ask with Augustine, "which shines through me, and strikes upon my heart without hurting it? And I shudder and kindle: shudder, in as much as I am unlike it; kindle, in as much as I am like it. It is Wisdom, Wisdom's self which thus shines into me."

Many have left a record of such visitations: and I shall set out a few here, hoping that a picture may emerge of a sort to convince the reader. Some of the writers use religious language and some do not:

"I still remember walking down the Notting Hill main

road and observing the (extremely sordid) landscape with joy and astonishment. Even the movement of the traffic had something universal and sublime in it."

"He never saw again what he saw that morning. The children on their way to school, the silvery grey pigeons that flew from the roofs to the pavement, the little loaves of bread that some invisible hand had put out, all seemed to him divine. Two little boys ran towards a pigeon and looked smilingly at Levin; the pigeon fluttered its wings and flew off, glistening in the sun, through the quivering snow-dust in the air; from a window came the odour of freshly-baked bread, as a few little rolls were laid on the sill . . ."

"One afternoon I had been walking along a seemingly endless country lane, little more than a grassy cart-track between hedges. It rose steadily for some time till it reached a point where a gap in the hedges gave a view over a wide stretch of open country. I had been curiously restless and expectant, and I sat down on a heap of stones overgrown with wild geranium, feeling that something—I did not know what—was going to happen. And here I will quote from an account written and published in the form of a story, soon after:

'Suddenly I knew.'

'What did you know?'

'Everything. All there is to be known. The nature of reality and the meaning of life, and the secret that all the philosophers have desired to know since thought began. I can't tell you, of course. I have heard "unspeakable words" which it is not lawful for a man to utter. But one thing I will

say. I knew in that moment that all life is one. Not only the life of men, and animals, and insects, and plants. No, the life that runs in the sides of the hills and beats like a great heart in the ribs of the mountains.' "

"I went out one afternoon for a walk alone. I was in the empty unthinking state in which one saunters along country lanes, simply yielding oneself to the casual sights around which give a town-bred lad with country yearnings such intense delight. Suddenly I became conscious of the presence of someone else. I cannot describe it, but I felt that I had as direct a perception of the being of God all round me as I have of you when we are together. It was no longer a matter of inference, it was an immediate act of spiritual (or whatever adjective you like to employ) apprehension. It came unsought, absolutely unexpectedly. I remember the wonderful transfiguration of the far-off woods and hills as they seemed to blend in the infinite being with which I was thus brought into relation. This experience did not last long. But it sufficed to change all my feeling. I had not found God because I had never looked for him. But he had found me."

"I was no longer young: in fact I was well over sixty. The winter had been dark and tedious. For some reason or other I had not been able to read much, and I began to think there were signs of the coming end. Suddenly, with hardly any warning, spring burst upon us. Day after day we had clear, warm sunshine which deepened every contrast of colour, and at intervals we were blest with refreshing rains. I spent most of my time out of doors on the edge of a favourite

wood. All my life I had been a lover of the country, and had believed, if this is the right word, that the same thought, spirit, life, God, which was in everything I beheld, was also in me. But my creed had been taken over from the books; it was accepted as an intellectual proposition. Most of us are satisfied with this kind of belief, and even call it religion. We are more content the more definite the object becomes, no matter whether or not it is in any intimate relationship with us, and we do not see that the moment God can be named he ceases to be God.

"One morning when I was in the wood something happened which was nothing less than a transformation of myself and the world, although I 'believed' nothing new. I was looking at a great, spreading, bursting oak. The first tinge from the greenish-yellow buds was just visible. It seemed to be no longer a tree away from me and apart from me. The enclosing barriers of consciousness were removed and the text came into my mind, *Thou in me and I in thee.* The distinction of self and not-self was an illusion. I could feel the rising sap; in me also sprang the fountain of life up-rising from its roots, and the joy of its outbreak at the extremity of each twig right up to the summit was my own: that which kept me apart was nothing. I do not argue; I cannot explain; it will be easy to prove me absurd, but nothing can shake me. *Thou in me and I in thee.* Death! what is death? There is no death: *in thee* it is impossible, absurd."

"When I went in the morning into the fields to work, the glory of God appeared in all His visible creation. I well remember we reaped oats, and how every straw and head of

the oats seemed arrayed in a kind of rainbow glory, or to glow in the glory of God."

"I was crossing a little stream near Inchy Wood and actually in the middle of a stride from bank to bank, when an emotion never experienced before swept down upon me. I said, 'That is what the devout Christian feels, that is how he surrenders his will to the will of God.' I felt an extreme surprise, for my whole imagination was preoccupied with the pagan mythology of ancient Ireland, I was marking in red ink, upon a large map, every sacred mountain. The next morning I awoke near dawn, to hear a voice saying, 'The love of God is infinite for every human soul because every human soul is unique, no other can satisfy the same need in God.' "

"The bright morning sun of summer heated the eastern parapet of London Bridge; I stayed in the recess to acknowledge it. The smooth water was a broad sheen of light, the built-up river flowed calm and silent by a thousand doors, rippling only where the stream chafed against a chain. Red pennants drooped, gilded vanes gleamed on polished masts, black-pitched hulls glistened like a black rook's feathers in sunlight; the clear air cut out the forward angles of the warehouses, the shadowed wharves were quiet in shadows that carried light; far down the ships that were hauling out moved in repose, and with the stream floated away into the summer mist. There was a faint blue colour in the air hovering between the built-up banks, against the lit walls, in the hollows of the houses. The swallows wheeled and climbed, twittered and glided downwards. Burning on, the

great sun stood in the sky, heating the parapet, glowing steadfastly upon me as when I rested in the narrow valley grooved out in prehistoric times. Burning on steadfast, and ever present as my thought. Lighting the broad river, the broad walls; lighting the least speck of dust; lighting the great heaven; gleaming on my finger-nail. The fixed point of day—the sun. I was intensely conscious of it; I felt it; I felt the presence of the immense powers of the universe; I felt out into the depths of the ether. So intensely conscious of the sun, the sky, the limitless space, I felt too in the midst of eternity then, in the midst of the supernatural, among the immortal, and the greatness of the material realised the spirit. By these I saw my soul; by these I knew the supernatural to be more intensely real than the sun. I touched the supernatural, the immortal, there that moment."

"My introduction to music occurred [when I heard at a friend's house, arranged for a piano-player,] one of the mightiest and most immediately arresting of all compositions, Bach's great organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor. My first hearing of it was a cardinal experience in my life; perhaps, when all is summed up, it will prove to have been *the* cardinal experience of my life. For it was my first glimpse of those activities of the human spirit which are, I am convinced, the justification of life, and in which the meaning of life is to be found. Nothing that I had hitherto experienced belonged to that region. I experienced, quite literally, a revelation. All great art, I believe, is the record of a spiritual achievement, of a synthesis of experience, of a degree of understanding, that cannot be communicated in other terms. But, for myself,

it is only in certain great music that the revelation is complete and unambiguous. Such music is my substitute for the mystic vision. It is, perhaps, an experience that can never be satisfactorily rationalised, nor ever communicated to others. It is also an experience that can never be denied. No account of life that denies its supreme importance can be even remotely true. In this position, however much it may seem to conflict with my liking for clear reasoning based on verifiable premises, I am quite unshakeable. I have heard, and I know.

"The bus-ride home was through a transfigured London. How I loved it all—the bright lights, the traffic, the dark trees of the park, the great, impressive buildings! I was in a dreamy ecstasy at the wonder of life, at its range and complexity, its infinite possibilities. Life! The scale of it! The diversity of it! The greatness of this adventure to which the spirit of man is committed! What undreamed-of possibilities lie before him, what new ways of thinking, what new knowledge, what new heights of experience! And there, as it seemed to me, amongst the farthest reaches of the spirit, lonely and prophetic, was music such as I had heard that night, music informed with the new understanding, the new degree of realisation, that has been achieved by the pioneers of our race."

"Most men in the course of their lives have known such Platonic hours of initiation, when the sense of beauty has risen from a pleasant feeling to a passion, and an element of strangeness and terror has been mingled with their joy. In those hours the world has seemed charged with a new

vitality; with a splendour which does not belong to it but is poured through it, as light through a coloured window, grace through a sacrament, from the Perfect Beauty which 'shines in company with the celestial forms' beyond the pale of appearance. In such moods of heightened consciousness each blade of grass seems fierce with meaning, and becomes a well of wondrous light: a 'little emerald set in the City of God'. The seeing self is indeed an initiate thrust suddenly into the sanctuary of the mysteries: and feels the 'old awe and amazement' with which man encounters the Real."

"It is only in exceptional moods that we realise how wonderful are the commonest experiences of life. It seems to me sometimes that these experiences have an 'inner' side, as well as the outer side we normally perceive. At such moments one suddenly sees everything with new eyes; one feels on the brink of some great revelation. It is as if we caught a glimpse of some incredibly beautiful world that lies silently about us all the time. I remember vividly my first experience of the kind when, as a boy, I came suddenly upon the quiet miracle of an ivy-clad wall glistening under a London street-lamp. I wanted to weep and I wanted to pray; to weep for the Paradise from which I had been exiled, and to pray that I might yet be made worthy of it. Such moments are rare, in my experience. But their influence is permanent. They import a tinge of unreality into our normal acceptances; we suspect them for the dull and purblind things that they are. There are analogous moments when one suddenly sees the glory of people. On some unforgettable evening one's friend is suddenly seen as the unique, irreplaceable, and

utterly delightful being that he is. It is as if he had been freshly created. One is no longer concerned with his relations to oneself, with his *pragmatic* value. He exists wholly in his own right; his significance is eternal, and the essential mystery of his being is as fathomless as that of God Himself."

> ". . . Such delights
> As float to earth, permitted visitants!
> When in some hour of solemn jubilee
> The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
> Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
> Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
> And odours snatched from beds of amaranth,
> And they, that from the crystal river of life
> Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales!
> The favoured good man in his lonely walk
> Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
> Strange bliss which he shall recognise in heaven."

"We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most

delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe."

* * *

The writers of the above are Evelyn Underhill, a British writer on mysticism; Tolstoy; Peter Green, a British clergyman; Joseph Estlin Carpenter, the same; Mark Rutherford, a British author; someone anonymous, quoted by William James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*; W. B. Yeats; Richard Jefferies, a British novelist and lover of the countryside; J. W. N. Sullivan, an Irish writer on music and science; Samuel Taylor Coleridge; and Shelley. It is a varied body of witnesses; similar testimony from many countries would fill a large volume; and what they say is in effect identical. Is it credible that all have been victims of an hysterical or romantic self-deception? Or that nothing more was involved in these cases than a physical or nervous reaction of matter to matter? Do they sound, do they *feel*, like that?

Several points are to be noted in these testimonies. Utter certainty leaps from them all, sometimes implicit and sometimes expressed ("Suddenly I knew", "Nothing can shake me", "I have heard, and I know"): and the certainty is not the certainty of scientific or mathematical proof, but the certainty we naively feel about our own existence. The idea of transfiguration, too, though idea is not the word, is common to them all: the veil has been lifted, and the world

of matter glows for them with universal spirit. (As it glowed for Traherne in his primal innocence: "The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and the stones of the street were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire.")

Joy and wonder and ravishment are always present, and so is the experience of unity: everything is known as one, and the beholder as living in each thing and everything. The visitation is brief and sudden and rare, though an intimation may precede it and the sense of it may last for a lifetime: and time and matter, at the moment of it, are swallowed up in the eternal, the "supernatural", and the infinite. And in an encompassing holiness: the holiness that made Jacob exclaim, when he tarried at Haran, "How full of awe is this place! this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

There are three passages in particular to which I would draw the reader's attention, for they are specially relevant to what is to be discussed later. They are Sullivan's "The greatness of this adventure to which the spirit of man is committed! What undreamed-of possibilities lie before him, what new ways of thinking, what new knowledge, what new

heights of experience!"; Yeats's "The love of God is infinite for every human soul because every human soul is unique"; and Shelley's "The state of mind produced [by these visitations] is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe."

§ 2

Shelley may be right in saying that "these and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination": though Thomas Traherne, I imagine, was only one of a multitude of children for whom "Eternity is manifest in the Light of Day" (which means perhaps that children, for all the miseries of childhood, are generally closer than adults to the source), and the photograph, reproduced overleaf, of a savage listening to Mozart—an exceptionally primitive savage, it so happens—would appear to suggest that the spirit bloweth where it listeth. I realise, however, that everything so far written in this chapter will find no echo in many readers: and so I turn to the other kind of experience mentioned at the outset, the experience of observing some example of loving self-sacrifice.

* * *

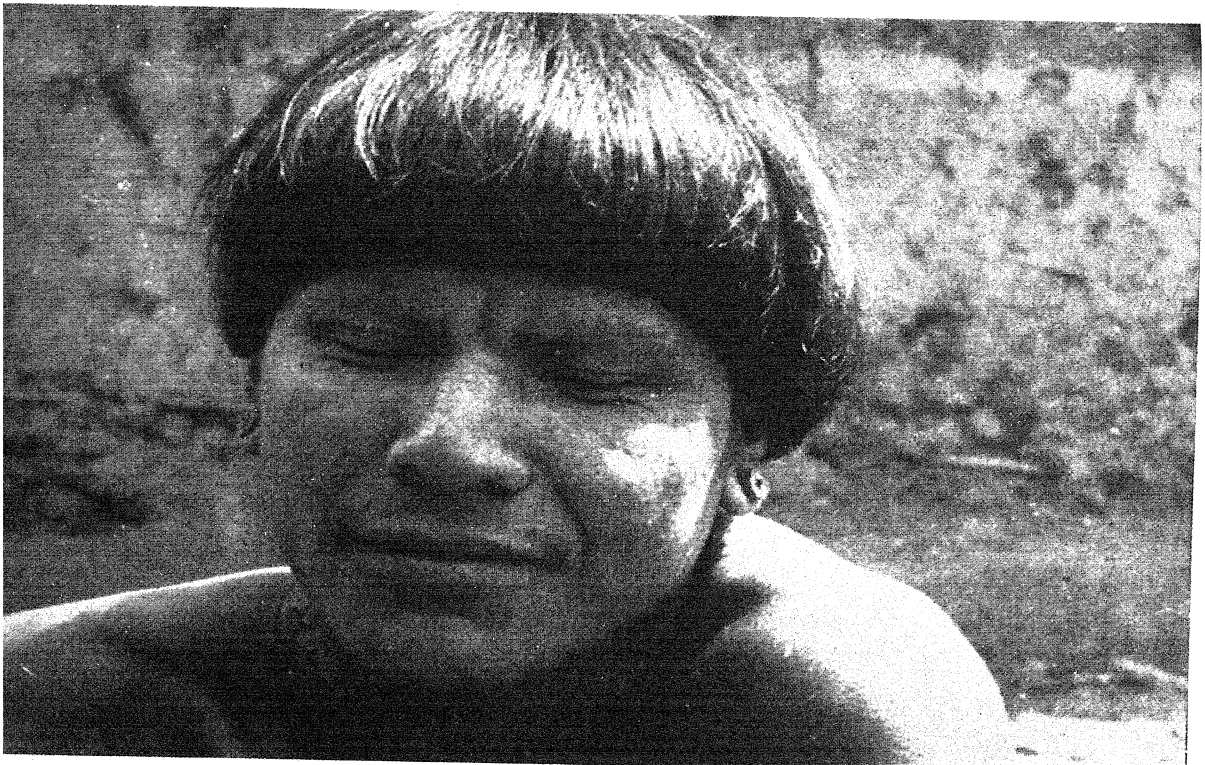
Elizabeth Pilenko was born into a wealthy land-owning family in the south of Russia, but became a keen socialist revolutionary, and devoted her life during the years 1914-1917 to "subversive" activities. After the October Revolution

she worked with the greatest audacity to rescue victims from the Terror. She was denounced as a Bolshevist, tried and acquitted.

In 1923 she went to Paris. The excesses of the developing Revolution revolted her, though she remained to her death a firm advocate of its principles. Converted from Marxism to Christianity, she presented herself to the authorities of the Russian Church in Paris and announced that she wished to become a religious, "beginning at once, today", and to found a monastery. But she was not the traditional Orthodox religious: accused of neglecting the long services and the traditional contemplation, "I must go my way," she said, "I am for the suffering people." She would buy cheap food for them at daybreak, and bring it home on her back. She was a familiar figure about the slum, in her poor dark habit and her worn-out men's shoes.

The Russian refugees who had crowded into Paris were stateless persons, many of them poverty-stricken, without privilege, without claim on any of the services the country provided for the poor. Mother Maria worked among the poorest. She discovered that Russians who had contracted tuberculosis were lying in a filthy hovel with the syphilitic wrecks whom the police were in the habit of dumping there. With ten francs in her pocket she bought a château and opened a sanatorium.

Then she found that there were hundreds of Russians in lunatic asylums all over Europe. They had just "disappeared" into these institutions, where no questions were asked about them. She raised a public outcry and got many of them released. In those days the Russian congregations in and



around Paris were real homes for the poor and unwanted, with their own labour exchanges, clinics and other services; and the convent, over which Mother Maria presided, was central to their life.

Then the Germans came in, and Mother Maria summoned her chaplain and told him that she felt it her particular duty to help persecuted Jews. She knew that this would mean imprisonment and probably death, and she gave him the option of leaving. He refused. For a month the convent was a haven for these Jews. Women and children were hidden within its walls. Money poured in to enable them to escape from France, and hundreds got away. But soon the Gestapo arrived. Mother Maria was arrested and sent to the concentration camp at Ravensbruck. Her chaplain was sent to Buchenwald, where he died of starvation and overwork.

The story of her life in the camp has only recently become known. Even to the guards she was "that wonderful Russian nun", and it is doubtful whether they had any intention of killing her. She had been there two and a half years when a new block of buildings was erected, and the prisoners were told that these were to be hot baths (but everyone rightly believed that they were to be gas-chambers). A day came when a few dozen prisoners from the women's quarters were lined up outside the buildings. One girl became hysterical. Mother Maria, who had not been selected, came up to her. "Don't be frightened," she said. "Look, I shall take your turn"; and, in line with the rest, she passed through the doors. It was Good Friday, 1945.

Now consider this short chronicle, and chiefly the episode

that ends it, from two points of view. Think first of Elizabeth Pilenko herself. Can her act be considered, in any sense whatever, a material act? Had it any connection, direct or remote, with her animal nature? Animals eat, drink, sleep, mate, and nurture and defend their young, struggling for bodily survival and for the bodily survival of their species: but here was an act that automatically meant death to the body, and a death totally unconnected with the racial instinct that prompts a mother in the animal kingdom to defend her offspring at the risk of her life. Here was an act of pure love, devoid of all self-reference or sexuality: not an instinctual act nor a reflective one, but the spontaneous response of a spiritual nature to spiritual reality. And, as such, it lives eternally in that spiritual world of which we lesser ones may catch an occasional glimpse.

It is conceivable, but unlikely, that one or other of several objections may be made. It may be said that she was thinking, not of bodily survival, but of what, as a Christian, was far more precious to her, her eternal salvation. Or that she was acting out of a habit of obedience to the dictates of a Church to which she had surrendered her will—and one would have to ask, in reply, whether a Church that demands that we should love one another is a material Church. Or that she was sublimating something, or gratifying a death-wish, or expiating guilt. Or other nonsense of the kind. Nonsense, because no one really believes it. To repeat a phrase, it doesn't *feel* like any of that.

It may be objected, too, that not all animals are wholly animal by nature, wholly concerned with bodily existence and the survival of their species: that the love-bird, for

instance, is beautifully faithful to his mate, and the dog to his master. Yes: but this is only to say that the animal creation also, here and there, exhibits a groping spirituality. This is what we mean when we refer to an animal as "almost human".

And now look at the matter from a second point of view. How do we, on our side, react to Elizabeth Pilenko's self-sacrifice—and by we I do not mean people "of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination", but almost everyone who has ever heard of the episode or is hearing of it now for the first time? The answer surely cannot be in doubt. We recognise it, we immediately salute it, as having nothing in common with the ordinary business of life —with eating and drinking and sleeping and cohabiting and earning our keep: and the recognition is accompanied by feelings, invariably of admiration and a kind of wondering awe, and sometimes, for our natures are divers, of thankfulness and humility and love. It is not merely that we greet such and similar actions as better, higher, nobler, more beautiful than "ordinary" ones: we greet them as different in *kind*, as inhabiting a different sphere. The ordinary ones are at best neutral, and may be negative: this one is positive. Eating may become gluttony, cohabiting may become lust, and earning one's living may become unconscionable money-making: but an act of self-sacrifice is an act of self-sacrifice, cannot be other than it is, does not admit either of change or of degree, and is alien from the whole world of becoming. It *is*. There is a validity, a finality, a *life* in it which we recognise unmistakably. In a word, it is *real*: with a reality that sets it apart from the ebb and flow, the more

or less, the becoming and dying of the world of matter.

The reaction I have been trying to describe in this last paragraph—the reaction, by people who hear of it, to Mother Maria's "I shall take your turn"—is, in our type of society, all but universal; and each one of us testifies by it (however, for the most part, unconsciously) to the existence of spirit. It is no longer a question of that comparatively rare creature, a music-lover, being "rapt" at a concert: it is no longer a question of momentary revelations to a Tolstoy or a Sullivan, a Shelley or a Yeats. What we have to do with now is something far more important—the collective witness of our society as a whole. What has happened is clear: the spiritual in our nature has responded to the spiritual in Elizabeth's, just as hers had responded to spirit itself.

If all this seems exaggerated, I beg the reader to reflect for a moment. *Why* do we feel one thing about a man who saves his life at the expense of another's, and something totally different about a man who saves another's at the expense of his own? Why do we admire the second and at the very least refrain from admiring the first, if there is nothing *there* but our bodies, and the physical environment, and an instinct or will to survive, and an intelligence that evolution has given us, whatever evolution may mean, for the furthering of our material ends by appropriate means: etcetera, etcetera? It would surely be inevitable, on such an assumption, that we should admire the first, if anything as large as admiration were open to us, and at the very least refrain from admiring the second. And if I am told that there are indeed societies, such as that of the Mundugumor, in which the violent and selfish are exemplars and the gentle

and selfless are outlaws; if I am "confronted by the argument that such words as 'good', 'virtue' and the like have no definite meaning, but signify now this, now that, according to the degree of latitude, the colour of the skin, the local mythology": then I must reply, with Aldous Huxley, that "this is, of course, perfectly true. The content of judgments of value is demonstrably variable. Two important points should, however, be noted in this context. The first is that such judgments are passed by all human beings, that the category of value is universally employed. The second is that, as knowledge, sensibility and non-attachment increase, the contents of the judgments of value passed even by men belonging to dissimilar cultures tend to approximate. The ethical doctrines taught in the Tao Te Ching, by Gautama Buddha and his followers on the Lesser and above all the Greater Vehicle, in the Sermon on the Mount and by the best of the Christian saints, are not dissimilar. Among human beings who have reached a certain level of civilisation and of personal freedom from passion and social prejudice there exists a real *consensus gentium* in regard to ethical first principles."

Or, to put it in another way: There are degrees, of course, in human response to the spiritual (though none in the spiritual itself); there have been societies, hardly emergent from the animal, where it has been of the faintest; and there have been others, in our own day, where a deliberate attempt has been made, and a partially successful one, not so much to occlude as to pervert it. And something more must be said, something terribly relevant to the theme of this writing: given certain conditions, the animal element in

average humanity, or even in humanity as a whole, might all but annihilate, though never to the point of utter extinction, the spiritual one. Spirituality, like friendship, must be nurtured, if it is not to decay. But none of this is in point at the moment: the contention in these paragraphs is simply that, if spirit did not exist, an action like Elizabeth Pilenko's, and our response to it, would be equally inexplicable. Even if there had been but a single such action in human history, and but a single response to it of the kind I have been attempting to describe, this would be sufficient for our purpose.

I suppose I ought to meet another objection, a rather tedious one, that is often put forward. Mankind, we are told, either instinctively realises, or has come to realise by a process of thought, that we shall damage our own interests, and end by destroying ourselves as well as others (as we certainly shall), unless we learn to co-operate: that a code of living bound up with this realisation has become second nature to us: and that a willingness to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of others is as fundamentally utilitarian, therefore, as finally materialistic, as a willingness to sacrifice others for the sake of ourselves. This is patently nonsense. A second nature of the kind, one might suggest, is hardly conspicuous, as a glance at the world around us will confirm: but what really matters is that while legislation, based on consent, may restrain us from misusing our neighbour, and while the tradition of a well-ordered community may habituate us to such restraint, the sacrifice of self by way of personal choice (and all such actions are essentially personal) is alien from the whole world of business contracts, collective decisions,

communal tradition and the like—from the whole world, not only of animal instinct, but of human calculation. Or, to vary the example: that we refrain, for the most part, from murdering our enemies (except in wartime) may be utilitarian in origin, not to mention our fear of the consequences: that perhaps the majority of us are even innocent of a craving to murder them may be the result of a second nature; but that we should love them, and there are people who have proved capable of it—this is something else again. Here once more, and in another shape, we meet the distinction between neutral and positive. A realisation of all this is inherent in a proverb that used to be popular: "You cannot make men good by Act of Parliament".

And if nothing more is involved than second nature, how explain our own wondering awe, our immediate recognition that a break has been made with the normal?

* * *

I have cited Elizabeth Pilenko's self-sacrifice, partly because to celebrate it gives me pleasure, and partly, on the other hand, because except for the chance of a witness surviving it could never have been known, and by this it lives with greater autonomy. ("He who acts out of the pure love of God, not only does he not perform his actions to be seen of men, but does not do them even that God may know of them. Such an one, if he thought it possible that his good works might escape the eye of God, would still perform them with the same joy, and in the same pureness of love.") But though saints are rare, lesser acts of the same order are relatively common: and I refreshed myself, in the darkness

of 1944, by collecting, from various newspapers and books, a few dozen examples of them. Here are five, all, to point a contrast, with a setting of war:

An Indian greeted a soldier who, at the time of the Indian Mutiny, was about to put a bayonet into his body, with the words, "And thou too art divine".

The *Grand Rabbin* of Lyons was a Jewish chaplain to the French forces in the 1914-1918 war. One day a wounded man staggered into a trench and told the Rabbi that a Roman Catholic was on the point of death in no-man's-land, and was begging that his padre should come to him with a crucifix. The padre could not quickly be found. The Jew rapidly improvised a cross, ran out with it into no-man's-land, and was seen to hold it before the dying man's eyes. He was almost immediately shot by a sniper; the bodies of the Catholic and the Jew were found together.

Private Clifford Elwood, of High Street, Nantyfyllon, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, and Bugler Robert Hunt, of King Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, Nottinghamshire, both stretcher-bearers, were returning to their lines on the Arakan front with a casualty when they heard a rustling in the bushes and the click of a rifle-bolt.

Out into their path stepped a 6-foot Japanese with his rifle at the ready. He looked at the two men and the third man they carried on the stretcher, and then without a word or gesture dropped the muzzle of his rifle and stepped back into the jungle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gaines, of Fifteenth Avenue, Tong Road,

Leeds, received a letter during the summer of 1944 from their son, Private Harry Gaines, who had been wounded in the invasion and was in Worcester Royal Infirmary. He had wounds in both legs and the right arm.

He told of the kindness of a German prisoner in a Red Cross hospital in Normandy in succouring him when he fell wounded: "He carried me for seventy yards to the beach, then looked down at me, smiled, put a cigarette in my mouth, lit it, and put his lighter in my pocket. Then he took off his white shirt, tore it into shreds and dressed my wounds. Having done this, he kissed me, with tears in his eyes, and then walked away to attend to other wounded."

The following is an extract from a letter received during the war from an Austrian Jew in the British Pioneer Corps in the B.L.A. He was attached to a hospital receiving German wounded. He had been for nine months in the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald: he had been hung by the wrists to a tree and had once nearly died of gangrene, Jews at that time not being allowed medical attention in concentration camps. He also had reason to believe that his old mother had been taken to Poland two years before:

"This is being written in the solitude of a ward in which I am guarding wrecked members of the Herrenvolk. It is so strange a situation that I can hardly describe what I am feeling. Loneliness is perhaps the only word for it. These are men who set out to conquer the world, and they and their kind have done unspeakable things to me and my kind, and I am supposed to hate them with all my strength, and would be right to do so according to the recognised standards of

human behaviour. But I cannot hate, or is it that in the face of suffering hatred is silent? So it happens that the guard is turned into a nurse, and if a man, from losing too much blood, goes out of his mind and stammers incoherently, I have to talk him to sleep again. And it sometimes happens that men try to hold my hand when I have helped them. That makes me feel lonely . . .

"Only a few lines. It is midnight, and I am going off duty after having had a busy time with that man who lost so much blood that he went crackers. He had an operation and blood transfusion, and I was the only one able to talk to him. In the end he obeyed my orders instantly with 'Jawohl, Herr Doktor!' Once he said 'Sie sind so ein feiner Mensch' (1) and then 'Sie sind zu mir wie ein Vater' (2). What shall I make of that? I can only draw one conclusion, which is that I am a terribly bad soldier and I am somehow glad about it. [Later] The man has died. The doctors fought for his life as if he were a celebrity."

Now there is nothing specially remarkable in these episodes, nothing we cannot easily parallel from our personal experience. And yet they move us most powerfully: evoking a coincidence of surprise and recognition, they impinge on us as unnatural and yet exceptionally natural, as at once unexpected and inevitable. We know what would have been natural in these cases: namely, for the Indian to be annihilated by terror; for the Rabbi to recoil from a symbol, as he must have thought it, of blasphemy; for the Japanese to remember his duty; for the German to be correct but no

1 "You are a good man!" 2 "You are like a father to me."

more; and for the Jew to . . . hate. And yet, when we find the Indian, in that split second, proclaiming his enemy's divinity; and the Rabbi overcoming the instincts of a lifetime; and the Japanese forgetting, and the German loving, and the Jew . . . feeling lonely: then we recognise, caught up with them, that *this* is, after all, what is natural, that *this*, for all its unexpectedness, carries the mark of that inevitability which I mentioned when I talked about music. For there are two naturalnesses. There is a naturalness of "what you'd expect", "what seems possible", "how people normally behave", "what usually happens". This is the naturalness of the "ordinary", material world. And there is a naturalness of what, poised for ever in its own excellent nature, is no other than it could be and could be no other than it is. This is the naturalness—or, as some would say, the supernaturalness, though I could not agree with them—of the spiritual world. We accept the first with a shrug. The second, as we catch a glimpse of it on our ways or meet it in a moment of union, dims our eyes and lifts our hearts.

And I was wrong in describing as "lesser" such behaviour as the German's and the Jew's. All spiritual acts are equal. The spiritual world is one and indivisible.

* * *

I have done my best to explain what people mean by spirit and the spiritual, and I dare say I have failed. Perhaps the task was impossible, and only music and poetry and human experience can reveal what must otherwise remain forever hidden. I am conscious, apart from this, that certain of my metaphors and analogies may have been seriously

misleading. I have spoken, for instance, of "the spiritual and material worlds", of "totally different spheres", and so on: and might seem to imply, either that there is a dichotomy in the real, or that "this" world is devoid of reality. I intend nothing of the kind: and still less do I intend that matter is evil, though when divorced from the spiritual by creatures endowed with self-consciousness it may become so, as we shall see. I intend, indeed, the opposite. I believe with John Donne that God is an angel in an angel, and a stone in a stone, and a straw in a straw: I not only believe it, I experience it. Somehow the spiritual interpenetrates the material, somehow the material aspires to the spiritual: and no one who has ever sung in his heart at the mere physical aspect of things could possibly imagine otherwise. Or, to put it theologically, God is everything, but he is transcendent as well as immanent.

In harmony with the qualified neoplatonism that may have been detected in this essay, I rather tend to envisage the two worlds after the manner of Blake:

> There exist in that Eternal World the Permanent Realities of Every Thing which we see reflected in this Vegetable Glass of Nature.

Or of Milton in *Paradise Lost*:

> What if earth
> Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
> Each to each other like, more than on earth is thought?

Or perhaps one might say, to draw on music for an analogy, that heaven is the theme, simple beyond human imagination

yet of limitless potentialities, and earth (and other earths maybe) the variations: some of them beautiful, and others, in their separation, harshly discordant, but all stemming from the theme—all hidden in it, all potentialities of it—and all resolvable back into its eternal and self-existent purity.

Or, still again, one might think of the material world as an experimental transition—which might not succeed—from undifferentiated and relationless unity to a world of differentiated particulars in a *relation* of unity: "The beatified universe is not a vast sea in which the peculiar qualities of all things are absorbed in a never-ending monotony, but a perfectly harmonious composition in which all creatures live in unity yet without confusion of individual being." This doctrine is analogous to Trinitarianism.

* * *

Well, there it is; and I should be happy if a few of my readers, sceptical hitherto, were now at least open-minded, if not convinced, on three heads. They are these. First, that spirit exists; second, that there is final reality in it, as there is no such reality in shifting matter; and, third, that mankind, spiritual as well as animal by nature, has the power to commune with it.

But I would put, before the matter is decided, two last questions. Is the acceptance by Christ of his Passion in the same world as that of the threat to use nuclear weapons? And whom do we recognise as our heroes—Socrates and Jesus and Buddha and Beethoven (and, for the matter of that, Father Damien and Lord Shaftesbury), or the Princes of this world, living or dead, whom I shall refrain from recording?

III

SPIRIT AND ETHICS

SPIRIT AND ETHICS

"AN ACT OF self-sacrifice," I wrote, "is an act of self-sacrifice, cannot be other than it is, does not admit either of change or of degree, and is alien from the whole world of becoming. It *is*. There is a validity, a finality, a *life* in it which we recognise unmistakably. In a word, it is *real*: with a reality that sets it apart from the ebb and flow, the more or less, the becoming and dying of the world of matter." Now there cannot be two or more realities, if the word "reality" is used with the significance clearly intended in the passage above. Phenomena may indeed *partake* of reality in varying degrees; an ape is, in this sense, less real than a man and a stone than an ape. But final Reality itself must, by very virtue of its final reality, be one: a second's reflection will show that to posit *another* final Reality thither or hither of it would involve a wild contradiction. And if we see, or rather know, final Reality in acts of love, love must inhere in Reality; and because love cannot, of its nature, admit of anything at variance with love, nothing at variance with love can inhere in Reality. I say "acts of love" rather than "acts of self-sacrifice", because love is of the wider connotation. Elizabeth Pilenko's "I shall take your turn" was an act of love, but so too was the Indian's "Thou also art divine" and the silent departure of the Japanese and the German's kiss and the Jew's "I cannot hate": and so too

is every unconsidered kindness, every trifling movement of sympathy, that, horribly aware of our frailty, we notice even in ourselves.

Nothing of this is to imply that the love inherent in Reality must be exactly equated with the love that, on occasion, we observe around and within us. On the contrary: the love inherent in Reality, compared with human love, may be imagined as like Christ in transfiguration, compared with the Jesus men saw daily. And yet love is love, love is *sui generis*: and human love is our only clue to its nature.

It is true that we know final Reality otherwise than in acts of love: we know it, for instance, on the evidence of the last chapter, in "high hours of visitation" and when listening to music. (And many would add, I think, when partaking of sacraments, or when engaged in some enterprise of pure thought.) In all these cases, however, except perhaps in that of sacraments, we know nothing about Reality that could be described in terms of, or by analogy with, daily human experience. Our knowledge is certain, with a certainty surpassing that of all other knowledge, except the knowledge of our own existence: but it is not specific. Reality, the spirit, *is*: rightness, inevitability, or an inevitable rightness is the mark of it: in it everything is somehow one: and ourselves, we are in communion with it. That is all we know, and perhaps it is enough. And yet on these occasions also there is something else, in the end, that we know. Yeats heard a voice saying, the morning after he had crossed the little stream near Inchy Wood, "The love of God is infinite for every human soul because every human soul is unique, no other can satisfy

the same need in God": and, suspect voices apart, our moments of insight are commonly accompanied by, or even identifiable with, the emotions Wordsworth describes—our minds are "blessedness and love". So it is to love that, after all, we return.

To sum it up, "God is love". Or perhaps it would be better to quote Dante, as he was a man of unquestionable intelligence, if a mediaeval Catholic: "[It is] love that moves the sun and the other stars".

The words just above, "in it everything is somehow one", are crucial: and, as the whole argument depends on personal experience, I would remind the reader, before going on, of two passages quoted in the last chapter. They are Mark Rutherford's "It seemed no longer a tree away from me and apart from me. The distinction of self and not-self was an illusion. I could feel the rising sap; the joy of its outbreak at the extremity of each twig right up to the summit was my own: that which kept me apart was nothing." And Canon Green's "Suddenly I knew. I knew in that moment that all life is one. Not only the life of men, and animals, and insects, and plants. No, the life that runs in the sides of the hills and beats like a great heart in the ribs of the mountains."

* * *

The factors to be reckoned with in considering the problem of ethics come under two heads. There are, on the one hand, the unity of spirit, of the Real; the "hanging-together", in some way, of matter with the spiritual unity; and the love inherent in spirit. There are, on the other hand, the

self-consciousness and high intelligence of man, and the duality of his nature, which is partly animal and material and partly spiritual.

Ethics is a purely human problem: to talk of mineral ethics would be meaningless, and of animal ethics hardly less so, except in so far as "almost human" animals may be groping towards spirituality. And if man were wholly spiritual no problem could arise: he would be "in the spirit", and his being and living would be a spontaneous fulfilment of the Buddha's exhortation: "With everything, whether it is above or below, remote or near, visible or invisible, thou shalt preserve a relation of unlimited love without any animosity or without a desire to kill. To live in such a consciousness while standing or walking, sitting or lying down till you are asleep, is Brahma Vihāra, or, in other words, is living and moving and having your joy in the spirit of Brahma." But man is by no means wholly spiritual: his spirituality is at best in a fine balance with his materialism and his animalism: and he has the power either to advance in his spirituality or all but to extinguish it. He has this power because freedom is inherent in spirituality, is indeed the very token of it. Man unfree could not, in the nature of things, be spiritual man.

Man's freedom—his freedom to decide, and to control his own behaviour and emotions—is of course commonly denied. We react automatically to stimuli, they say, like Pavlov's dogs: and so in part we do. Or we are conditioned, sometimes knowingly and sometimes not, by environment and upbringing and our ancestral and racial heritage and other factors of the same order: and so in part we are—

though people who sit in easy judgment on murderers and young delinquents and thieves are inclined to forget it. And yet that this is the whole story is invalidated beyond reasonable doubt, I cannot but think, by the only evidence that finally matters, that of human experience. We *know*, when we check ourselves in a moment of anger, that *we* have checked *ourselves*: by the grace of God, some would add, but that is another matter. We may have been conditioned, by the quality of our nerves or an involuntary inner tension or some episode in childhood or our previous intemperance—the list can be extended indefinitely—to ungovernable bursts of rage when the appropriate stimulus is applied (and few can know this better than I); we may also have been conditioned by an environmental code of decent behaviour to attempt to govern the ungovernable: but when suddenly, spontaneously, we do govern it we know that despite, and so to say within, the conditioning—or both conditionings, the conditioned impulse to be angry and the conditioned impulse to govern the anger—we have acted as free agents. We cannot know it, I shall be told: the very knowledge may be conditioned. I can only reply that we know it with an immediate knowledge, with a knowledge identical in kind with our knowledge of our own existence, or with our knowledge that we love someone or that someone loves us. In these moments of decision there is an incomparably vivid, flame-like sense of a leap from the level ground behind, before, and around us, or of a sudden break, lasting but a split second, with the encircling continuity. And we know that we have chosen.

Does anyone really believe that freedom is an illusion?

We can believe it, no doubt, in one sense of the word believe: we can conclude, I mean, that, as an intellectual construction, it fits the facts. (But then the belief is itself presumably conditioned, and we get an eternal regress into nothingness. There is, of course, a philosophy of nothingness, but it has always seemed to me a curious paradox that people should bother to think or write or do anything about it at all.) But though there are some who can believe it with their brains, no one can believe it with his being: no one can *live* in the belief. When I do a piece of work today which, it seems obvious to me, I could have put off till tomorrow, had I wished; when I paint a picture, write a poem, gratify someone I love; when I so much as say "I": I am living in the consciousness of freedom. What distinguishes me indeed as a human being is not only than I *can* choose, but that I *must* choose: to choose is the very condition of my living—unless I chose I could not live. What is suicide, when committed deliberately and "in full control of the senses", but the choice not to have to choose any longer? The cold fact that some may say, on reflection, "If I knew every antecedent circumstance I should understand why I chose like that, why I am reflecting like this" does not affect the living fact that they have chosen—chosen as they had to choose, if they must have it so, but still chosen. (Martin Buber points out that what concerns us alone before we bring something about is our action, and that what concerns us alone when the action is successfully done is God's grace. "Man's action is enclosed in God's action, but it is still real action.") So, without claiming to have disposed of this time-worn controversy (which is anyhow, for practical

purposes, irrelevant), but asserting my belief that there is an element of pure spontaneity in human choice, something wholly unconditioned, I may perhaps pass on.

Now on the assumption (an assumption to be dealt with later) that for man to advance in his spirituality must be considered desirable, how would he try to achieve this? By living, more and more completely, "in the spirit": by realising more and more fully, making more and more real in his own being, the unity and love of the spiritual world: and by using matter progressively in the service of these spiritual ends. And, first and foremost, by cultivating, as a matter of personal choice, "a relation of unlimited love" with that which of "all things above or below, remote or near, visible or invisible" is much the nearest to him, namely the community of his fellow human-beings. But this must mean with individuals, for "general good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer".

This is the way of living prescribed by those rare individuals with a special endowment of spiritual insight, the religious leaders of mankind: and always, at any rate in our tradition, the bond between a desirable ethic and the nature of final Reality is expressed or implied. "Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord." "But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the Land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." "But

I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you: that ye may be children of your Father, which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." That ye may be children of your Father which is in heaven: or, as I put it just now, that you may realise more and more fully, in your own being, the unity and love of the spiritual world—this is the essence of the matter. Spirit, and not a pragmatic utilitarianism, is the sanction of ethics. And while the Bible insists justly that to proclaim one's love of God the invisible while hating one's visible brother is humbug (Bernard Shaw was not alone in distrusting people "whose God is in the sky"), love of God, nevertheless, remains first of the commandments and greatest, and love of humanity second and like unto it. Which is by no means to deny that thorough-going materialists are often ahead of the professedly religious in respect of ordinary personal relations, not to mention devoted service for human advancement: but then they are acting spiritually —with what Bosanquet called the nisus to the whole, the spirit of union, which is at once logic and love—without knowing it.

* * *

"Solitude and hunger and weariness of spirit—these sharpened my perceptions so that I suffered not only my own sorrow but the sorrow of those about me. I was no longer myself. I was man. I was no longer a young girl . . . I was the oppressed. I was that drug addict, screaming and

tossing in her cell, beating her head against the wall. I was that shoplifter who for rebellion was sentenced to solitary. I was that woman who had killed her children, murdered her lover." This is from the autobiography of a highly commonsensical American saint, Dorothy Day, who devotes her entire life (in a routine, as one might almost describe it, devoid of all sentimentality) to the care of down-and-outs in a slum of New York: and she expresses precisely what it is that love of neighbour above all consists in, the love of neighbour through which we can realise the love and unity of the spiritual world. Love of neighbour is imaginative sympathy or empathy: to love a neighbour is to feel in him, live in him, *be* in him. It is to know in our own person the terror of a German child when the bombs are exploding: it is to stand on the gallows and wait for the trap-door to open: it is suddenly to see, in Hiroshima, the incredible token of radiation sickness on our own bodies, thirteen years after all has seemed well. And it is also (but this is far harder, as most of us are sadly aware) to succeed in another's successes, eschewing envy and malice: like "the flowers of the earth, which do not grudge at one another, though one be more beautiful and fuller of virtue than another; but they stand kindly one by another, and enjoy one another's virtue."

Some degree of empathy is universal (except on the part of those, if there are any, who have ceased to be human) in respect of those who are "close" to us: it is from the others—from those we pass by and from those who are far off and invisible—that we shut ourselves thoughtlessly and insensitively away. Imagination has failed. Only imagination:

for how, as touching the living other and the living me, can physical distance, lack of familiarity, and the absence of some particular relationship be relevant? He neither suffers nor rejoices the less: nor have I been impaired in my inner capacity to suffer and rejoice. With "the enemy" the case is far worse: we do not merely shut ourselves away, we deliberately cut ourselves off by the sterilities, at best of indifference or dislike, and not uncommonly of hatred. And now the special factor—the other's enmity, if it exists—is indeed relevant, but the other way about. He is he and I am I in our human natures, but sympathy is more desirable than ever by way of balance or compensation.

If distance is irrelevant in respect of imaginative identification with others, so is whatever it may be that we call time. The really whole man will live alike in those who suffered and rejoiced in the past, and in those who will suffer or rejoice in the future. He will live in the wounded and dying of the Thirty Years' War, in the serenity of Socrates by the banks of the Ilissus, in Christ's wisdom on the mount, in his temptation and in his Passion: and he will live in the generations who may be experiencing, hundreds or thousands of years hence, hardly imaginable splendours, or may be dying in the sordid miseries of a radium-infected universe. I was discussing the other day, with a lady of intelligence and sensibility whom I greatly love and admire, the possible effect of contemporary bomb-tests on those yet unborn: and I was startled when she told me that this meant nothing at all to her—that even the fate of her grandchildren meant nothing at all to her—and that what concerned her exclusively was our release from the horrors of bombing, nuclear

or otherwise, now. I cannot believe that such a restricted concern is concordant with human dignity and potentialities.

* * *

Nor is it by our relation to men and women alone that we can nourish the love and unity of spirit. We can nourish it also by our relation to everything living, with the unbeautiful, as we may have judged them, as well as with the immediately beautiful. We can nourish it by thirsting in an unwatered flower; by falling to earth in a bird that has been shot on the wing: by swaying lightly in the summer corn as a gentle wind passes over it: by rejoicing in the small leaves of a birch tree, when it "bends to the breezes as if for the love of its own delightful motions"; by lying tranquil in the patient serenity of a daisied lawn; and by hearing within us, as we observe the specks of life in our bath-tub before we turn on the water,

"Seest thou the little winged fly, smaller than a grain of sand?
It has a heart like thee, a brain open to heaven and hell,
Withinside wondrous & expansive: its gates are not clos'd:
I hope thine are not: hence it clothes itself in rich array:
Hence thou art cloth'd with human beauty, O thou mortal man."

In the case of the smallest creatures it is often only the limitations of human eyesight that prevent us from feeling ourselves in them. Many writers, working late on a summer night, must have noticed, crawling slowly over the page, a

minute honey-coloured creature with the threads of its antennæ barely discernible and the mere hint of an exquisite wing; and must have bent lower, and thought suddenly, as they looked close, "What should I be feeling like if I were that little thing crawling there?"—and then, for a passing fraction of a second, they *were* it. No one who has had that quite common experience could ever annihilate a fluttering insect with a clap of his palms, as you see people do for no apparent reason at all, not even from a fear of mosquito bites, or because a moth, say, might damage their wardrobe. Such people "do not know, they are not in the stream".

Even those who can make nothing of all this, and will dub it "sentimental", may have had a passing sensation of queasiness, some time or another, at the sight of captive animals or birds, or, particularly in the case of Englishmen, when a horse was being grossly mistreated. Mere size, however, seems an odd sort of criterion in matters like this. William Blake was not talking metaphorically—if anyone has a great name, and we want to ignore him, the way we do it is to say that he is talking metaphorically: this is exemplified, above all, in our attitude to Christ—Blake was talking quite literally when he wrote in his "Auguries of Innocence":

A Robin Red breast in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage.
A Skylark wounded in the wing,
A Cherubim does cease to sing.
The wild deer, wand'ring here & there,
Keeps the Human Soul from Care.

He who torments the Chafer's sprite
Weaves a Bower in endless Night.
The Caterpillar on the Leaf
Repeats to thee thy Mother's grief.
Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly,
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.

What Blake is saying here is that inasmuch as we show ourselves insensitive to any living creature, even to "the least of these", by so much is the total unity impaired.

* * *

To live more fully in the spirit is also to respect matter: seeing God as a stone in a stone, a man does not shatter it wantonly, but feels its polish, its bare solidity and its cool knobbiness as if they were his own. And a closer union may on occasion be possible. There must be many who can parallel Loren Eiseley's experience:

"Once in a lifetime, perhaps, one escapes the actual confines of the flesh. Once in a lifetime, if one is lucky, one so merges with sunlight and air and running water that whole eons, the eons that mountains and deserts know, might pass in a single afternoon without discomfort. The mind has sunk away into its beginnings among old roots and the obscure tricklings and movings that stir inanimate things. Like the charmed fairy circle into which a man once stepped, and upon emergence learned that a whole century had passed in a single night, one can never quite define this secret; but it has something to do, I am sure, with common water. Its substance reaches everywhere, it touches the past and prepares

the future: it moves under the poles and wanders thinly in the heights of air. It can assume forms of exquisite perfection in a snowflake, or strip the living to a single shining bone cast up by the sea . . .

"I thought of all this, standing quietly in the water, feeling the sand shifting away under my toes. Then I lay back in the floating position that left my face to the sky, and shoved off. The sky wheeled over me. For an instant, as I bobbed into the main channel, I had the sensation of sliding down the vast tilted face of the continent. It was then that I felt the cold needles of the alpine springs at my fingertips, and the warmth of the Gulf pulling me southward. Moving with me, leaving its taste upon my mouth and spouting under me in dancing springs of sand, was the immense body of the continent itself, flowing as the river was flowing, grain by grain, mountain by mountain, down to the sea. I was streaming over ancient sea beds thrust aloft where giant reptiles had once sported; I was wearing down the face of time and trundling cloud-wreathed ranges into oblivion. I touched my margins with the delicacy of a crayfish's antennæ, and felt great fishes glide about their work.

"I drifted by stranded timber cut by beaver in mountain fastnesses; I slid over shallows that had buried the broken axles of prairie schooners and the mired bones of mammoth. I was streaming alive through the hot and working ferment of the sun, or oozing secretively through shady thickets. I *was* water and the unspeakable alchemies that gestate and take shape in water, the slimy jellies that under the enormous magnification of the sun writhe and whip upward as great barbeled fish mouths, or sink indistinctly back into the murk

out of which they arose. Turtle and fish and the pinpoint chirpings of individual frogs are all watery projections, concentrations—as man himself is a concentration—of that indescribable and liquid brew which is compounded in varying proportions of salt and sun and time. It has appearances, but at its heart lies water, and as I was finally edged gently against a sand bar and dropped like any log, I tottered as I rose."

Above all: if one respects matter, if one feels a sort of friendship or fraternity with the phenomena of matter, one cannot make of it a dead instrument of torment and destruction. So to misuse it is the ultimate vulgarity: and by evading our control it will have its revenge. Matter, in itself neutral for all its involvement with spirit, can be a beneficent handmaid of spirit when we use it co-operatively for spiritual ends: but when we divorce it from spirit, and enslave it to unspiritual or antispiritual ends, it has abandoned its neutrality and become evil.

What I have been trying to say in the last few paragraphs is expressed with wonderful precision in two famous stanzas of *Adonais*. That Shelley is speaking from the side of nature rather than of man, and of a state after death, is immaterial:

"He is made one with Nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone—
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,

Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

"He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull sense world: compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light."

§ 2

It may be agreed that we advance in spirituality by making ourselves more at one with humanity and everything living and the physical universe: our freedom of choice may be conceded: but still it may be asked, what is the *modus operandi*? For it is not so much a question of isolated decisions, though these are fundamental—a change in a man's whole way of living may derive from his sudden decision to forgive an enemy: it is more a question of a dominant climate in us, of our becoming progressively such that, in our natural responses, we live as the Buddha prescribed.

Vigilance is the answer, or, as perhaps I should say, the choice to be vigilant. We have to guard against carelessness: we have to keep our loving impulses vivid and our consciences bright. Schweitzer says somewhere that the farmer who has mown down a thousand flowers in his meadow to feed his cows must be careful on his way home not to strike off in thoughtless pastime the head of a single flower by the

roadside, for he thereby commits a wrong against life without being under the pressure of necessity. That is what I mean by vigilance. How often do we ignore, out of mere laziness, what our spiritual endowment demands of us! How often, to start with the merest triviality as many will think it, do we drown the life in our bath-tub, too indifferent to put it in safety! How often do we read of a criminal sentenced to years of imprisonment, and fail to ask ourselves, not bother to ask ourselves, the question that must once have arisen in us to temper our self-righteousness, "Who am I too that I am not on trial or in prison?" How often do we live a whole night through without a thought for the man we shall be killing at eight o'clock the next morning! And how often do we forget, or feel too busy—I will not call it to pray, for that would be to import prejudice, but to engage in what Coleridge knew that prayer consists in, namely a brief but constantly renewed "effort to live in the spirit of the whole"! So our natures harden, and the fountain of our spirituality bids fair to dry up. But if we choose vigilance rather than thoughtlessness or indifference our spirituality grows: it becomes, not a "second nature"—for there is nothing routine about it, it is always fresh and spontaneous, and it has anyhow been original from the start—but that element in our nature which, without giving thought any longer, takes the lead on our daily occasions.

(I am bound to add, in view of my own beliefs, that the power to be vigilant comes by grace. But grace, as a physicist has remarked, rarely comes to us before, in despair of ourselves, we have asked for it: and that we may always do in our human freedom.)

We find no difficulty in recognising, with a certain and

immediate recognition, those among our friends, or among people we are meeting for the first time or have read about, who, within human limitations, have achieved this kind of dominant spirituality. And sometimes, though very rarely, human limitations no longer seem to apply. An example, beloved by everyone who meets his personality in the records of those who knew or heard tell of him, is Saint Francis of Assisi. He could kiss lepers out of sheer love, and give them back their human dignity by reminding them of the beauty that was still in their hearts. He ordered a plot to be set aside for the cultivation of flowers when the convent garden was made, in order, as Thomas of Celano tells us, "that all who saw them might remember the Eternal Sweetness". He loved to release and build dwellings and nests for trapped animals and birds, and once, when a tench of uncommon size had been offered him by a boatman on the Lake of Rieti and he had joyfully accepted it, he put it back into the water, bidding it bless God. And he really did know Wind and Fire as his brothers, and Water and Earth as his sisters. Maybe some of the things told about him are legends, but legends do not arise in a vacuum; and I for one find no difficulty in believing that he did in fact receive the stigmata, and am happy that no one can prove that he didn't. And what moves us so about him is this: that we know ourselves capable of living, in occasional moments, as he lived perpetually. He, like Christ himself, or like Socrates or the Buddha, is of our breed.

§ 3

The assumption was made, earlier in this chapter, that

it must be considered desirable for men to advance in spirituality. We must now ask why.

The first answer is, to be Irish, that desirability, up to a point, doesn't come into the matter. Spirituality in a creature aspires, by its very nature, to the spiritual perfection of that creature, though other factors may have overlaid it so thickly that the aspiration has become feeble and almost extinct. The desire and pursuit of the whole, said Plato, is called love: and love and spirit, as we have seen, are almost interchangeable terms. Our spirituality, if it can struggle through and direct us, cannot but crave, out of the meaning of its own existence, that we should become "all beautiful within", that we should become, no longer in part or to a degree spiritual, but spirit.

The image of a return gets us nearest to the truth here, of a return in the sense that "every part of an element separated from its mass desires to return to it by the shortest way"; and Plotinus has written of this return with a passion that could have come only from immediate experience:

"That which resumes all under a unity is a Principle in which all things exist together and the single thing is All. From this Principle, which remains internally unmoved, particular things push forth as from a single root which never itself emerges. They are a branching into part, into multiplicity, each single outgrowth bearing its trace of the common source. Thus, phase by phase, there is finally the production into this world; some things close still to the root, others widely separate in the continuous progression until we have, in our metaphor, bough and crest, foliage and fruit. At the

one side all is one point of unbroken rest, on the other is the ceaseless process—leaf and fruit . . . .

"All things, as they rise from a unity, come back to unity from a sheer need of nature . . .

"What do you feel in presence of the grace you discern in actions, in manners, in sound morality, in all the works and fruits of virtue, in the beauty of souls? When you see that you yourselves are beautiful within, what do you feel? What is this Dionysiac exultation that thrills through your being, this straining upwards of all your soul? These are no other than the emotions of your soul under the spell of love.

"But what is it that awakens all this passion? No shape, no colour, no grandeur of mass. It is that you find in yourself, or admire in another, loftiness of spirit; righteousness of life; disciplined purity; courage of the majestic face; gravity; modesty that goes fearless and tranquil and passionless.

"But what is this grace, this splendour as of Light, resting upon all the virtues?

"Divinity and all that proceeds from Divinity: from the Divine comes all the Beauty and all the Good in beings.

"Therefore we must ascend again towards the Good, the desired of every soul. We have not been cut away; we are not separate, what though the body-nature has closed about us to press us to itself; we breathe and hold our ground because the Supreme does not give and pass but gives on for ever, so long as It remains What It Is.

"Our being is the fuller for our turning Thither; this is our prosperity; to hold aloof is loneliness and lessening. Here is

the soul's peace; here it has its Act, its authentic knowing; here it is immune. Here is living, here is the true; all living apart from Him is but a shadow.

"Any that have seen know what I have in mind: the soul takes another life as it approaches God; thus restored, it feels that the dispenser of true life is There, that now we have nothing to look for but, far otherwise, that we must become This alone. Thus we have all the vision that may be permitted us of Him and of ourselves; but it is of a self wrought to splendour, brimmed with the spiritual light, become that very light, pure, buoyant, unburdened, raised to Godhood—or, better, knowing its Godhood.

"In our self-seeing There, the self is seen as belonging to that divine order, or rather we are merged into that self in us which has the quality of that order. It is a knowing of the self restored to its purity. No doubt we should not speak of seeing; but we cannot help talking in dualities, seen and seer, instead of, boldly, the achievement of unity. In this seeing, we neither hold an object nor trace distinction; there is no two. The man is changed, no longer himself nor self-belonging; he is merged with the Supreme, sunken into It, one with It: centre coincides with centre.

"Thus may a man in his essence outgrow mere being and become identical with the Transcendent of Being. And when we have fallen back again from that union, we waken the virtue within us until we know ourselves all well ordered once more; once more we are lightened of our burden, through virtue become spiritual, and move through Spiritual Wisdom to the Supreme.

"This is the life of gods and of the godlike and blessed

among men, liberation from all that is alien here and from pleasure in it, a flight of Alone to Alone."

Or say simply that, as a matter of observation and experience, everything, in so far as it is healthy and to the degree of its health, tries to be as good as possible, to realise what is best in it: or at any rate everything organic. A rose will flower with the utmost beauty if soil, air and sun are propitious, and its flowering is the crown of its glory, its ultimate self-realisation. Even if a blight spoils its root it struggles to achieve what it can, though the flower may be sickly or small or may never even come into being. The degree of health, however, and environmental conditions are of utmost importance.

But now man's dual nature comes in. He is not only spiritual, capable of communing with the spiritual, of identifying himself with the whole, and of achieving that selflessness by which, and by which alone, he may realise his true selfhood: he is also animal and materialistic, given to animal passions and intent on satisfying, in competitive separateness, the interests of a self that seems all in all to him. By reason of his self-consciousness, moreover, he can reflect, as no animal can, on ways and means of fulfilling his desires, whether material or spiritual, and of pressing the physical world, and his fellow human beings if he so wishes, into his service: and his high intelligence, high, that is, even at its lowest, relatively to that of all other living creatures—or rather his acuteness of brain, which need bear little relation to wisdom, and may be wholly divorced from it—this high intelligence of his gives him the power, and an all but unlimited one, to

implement the ways and means he has chosen. So he is a creature in a state of precarious balance: and the choice of his destiny, and of the destiny of everything bound up with him, is his.

Now nothing stands still, is at this moment what it was at the last one or will be at the next, except nothingness and, in another sense, the infinite and eternal: there must always be growth or decay: and growth is active, requires effort, decay is passive, requires none. Every business man knows that, unless he is always endeavouring to "maximise" profits, to do better this year than last, he will almost certainly, sooner or later and luck apart, end up with a loss: and endeavouring to maximise profits does not mean sitting down in a state of passivity and letting things run themselves. Profits and spirituality, in this respect (alone), have a great deal in common.

Unless a man bends his every effort to advance in his spirituality, then other things being equal it must grow feebler: progressively so (unless something specific should occur to arrest the decline), in that his materialism is always there on the look-out in him, eager to profit by the freer play that his spiritual enfeeblement has given it, and so still further to increase this enfeeblement. That the spiritual is far more real, in the sense already indicated, than the material is not to the point here, though it will be very much to the point when the way out is considered: while (to anticipate) spirit, unmistakably manifest at a moment of overwhelming decision, may evoke a leaping response from a spirituality however overlaid, and may rout the competing materialism, what counts in a man's routine of daily living is the balance

of spiritual and materialist forces at work in him, their relative eagerness, as it were, to operate. When two are starving, for one of them to give bread to the other is more real than for him to take it himself: but it is only in spiritually advanced communities that there will be many to choose the more real.

Now there are periods of history when the law above mentioned—that unless a man bends his every effort to advance in his spirituality it must grow feebler—operates with peculiar power and decisiveness. This is one of them, the one indeed above all others; and we have only to look about us at the spiritual condition of humanity to see why.

The picture is a patchy one. In England, for instance, we no longer force little children up narrow chimneys, as was our practice quite recently, and only a year or two ago we abandoned the habit of choking a man to death because he had killed someone, unless the someone happened to be a policeman or unless robbery had been added to murder, etcetera. Torture, in its more specific connotation, has long been extinct with us, though it has recently been revived by our nearest neighbours, not to mention Hitler and Stalin: even the cat-o'-nine-tails has gone. We are moving rapidly towards a humane treatment of prisoners, and those of us who are heterosexual are beginning to regard homosexuals as fellow human beings. These are all spiritual advances. Moreover everyone, or almost everyone, is half a socialist nowadays, members of the Labour Party included: and socialism, though deeply corrupted by materialist infections, is in impulse spiritual. Intolerable poverty and insecurity

have almost ceased, at any rate for the time being: and there has been no decline, as far as one can observe, in many types of personal relationship. Similar bright patches would no doubt be revealed by a survey of many other countries.

And yet if we take the world as a whole, not omitting this island, we find, as a result of developments this century—the two world wars, the decay of traditional religion, the discovery of nuclear fission, the almost incredibly rapid mastery by science of the physical universe, and so on and so forth—a really horrifying increase of materialist influences in the whole environment, and their consequence in terms of individual lives. Among large sections of young people, hope, the handmaid of spirit, is dying: cynicism and indifference are taking its place. They ask themselves what they have to live for, and reply "nothing": so they concentrate on the problem of how to make the best livelihood, and think little of how to live. Even the universities, old homes of generosity, have been infected by this virus. Among people of all ages, fear, a denial of spirit, is almost endemic: we open our newspapers, as often as not, with a horror of what we may find there. Large strata of the population—of the richer, with their allowances and expense accounts, as well as of the poorer, whom few of us would wish to attack for it—are obsessed by the standard of living: about the quality of life they bother less. The mass, which is spiritless, is encroaching progressively on the individual, who is, to the extent of his spirituality, an incarnation of spirit: little newspapers are being swallowed up by big, small concerns by great, and great by greater. Violence of some sort is everywhere, and obtrudes more and more on the public

attention: last night, August 2nd 1958, the nine o'clock news of the B.B.C. was exclusively a record of outrage and violence, except for sport, an aeroplane disaster, and the weather. Crime grows apace: here in London there were 17,000 more indictable offences in 1957 than in 1956, the rise in 1956 itself had been almost equally sharp, and a recent White Paper records another "alarming rise" in the first four months of the present year—an increase of more than 15 per cent. over the corresponding months of 1957. And now race riots, one of the lowest forms of social degeneracy, are shaming our national honour: not only are boys of seventeen using knives and bars of iron and crank handles on people whose colour happens to be different from ours, but men of thirty are abetting them. (Sir John Nott-Bower, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, has just been interviewed on the air about this increase in crime. He has been saying that (*a*) it is most prominent among young people; (*b*) a similar trend is to be noticed elsewhere, and is even stronger in the United States; (*c*) the underlying factors—"selfishness, indolence, cruelty and lust"—are beyond the control of the police, and still would be if their ranks were to be considerably enlarged, and (*d*) everything possible has been done to discover the cause of all this, and a new approach seems impossible. The cause of it, however, is obvious, and, as to the new approach, that, in its larger setting, is the burden of this book.) Mechanical devices are ever more rapidly supplanting individual effort and skills, and opportunities for self-expression and free creativity are being correspondingly diminished. The opium of television is lulling people's minds, and particularly children's: there they sit,

sunk in their addiction, and robbed, as the dose grows bigger, of the spontaneity, the initiative, the active push and thrust to achieve co-operation with the world outside (as in talking and reading and thinking) which is the mark of human excellence: becoming, in fact, the mechanical counterparts of the machines that are playing upon them. There is a sharper edge, too, to the evil of television: in a single recent week, according to a statement the other day by a trade union representative, eighteen people were done to death, twenty-three attacked or wounded with a blunt instrument, and eleven kicked in the stomach, all between five and six p.m. on Children's T.V. (Even the gramophone, which has brought so much happiness to people who might otherwise have had little opportunity of hearing any music at all, has involved a certain loss: if you can turn the thing on at any moment, the sense of going to meet something precious in the concert-hall, as though on your way to a wedding-feast, is replaced by an effortless routine. The camera, too, is becoming an obsession. A crowd of people can be seen any morning on the Acropolis, hurrying about to find convenient vantage-points for their snapshots: they have no idea, you would think, of enjoying the incomparable beauty for its own sake, they must *reproduce* it, *get* it, *keep* it, show it to their friends. And I mention only in passing the automatism, even now and then the frenzied animalisation, that befalls, as they twitch and jerk from their seats in the concert-room, the numberless devotees of modern jazz.) Speed, which is quite meaningless in terms of value, except in so far as it may serve the general good, is all the rage, and considered somehow intrinsically important: and our dream

is to reach the moon. Disinterested research, a spiritual activity, is already being perverted in more than one country to ends that outrage spirit by mechanising the individual: the latest findings of psychology or the latest drugs, or the latest before the last, are being used for brain-washing and allied phenomena. We even occasionally find ourselves wondering whether a day may not come when artificial insemination (against which I have nothing, in appropriate cases) will be commoner than not, and satanic pills will be ousting the good food which, if we know how to live, we consume, as a joyous sacrament, to the glory of God.

I am not suggesting for a moment that all this is universal, though some of it, the fear for instance, is almost so: I say only that these are strong tendencies, some of them at work more powerfully in some countries and some in others, and some maybe hardly noticeable, if at all, in this country or that, but all contributing unmistakably to the general picture. (Which is not to deny that there is about in the world, as there always has been, an immense total of decent, kindly actions and impulses, testifying to our spiritual nature.)

Meanwhile, a wholly new phenomenon, or new at any rate for the modern world, has appeared in our time: totalitarianism. Now I want to be careful about what I say here. The impulse behind communism, like the impulse behind socialism—what set it going, I mean—was a spiritual impulse: communism, as William Temple remarked, is a Christian heresy. There will be something more to be said about this later. I think it highly probable, moreover, that the majority of the Chinese people are materially better

off than they would have been if the Revolution had never occurred: and for a starving population to be fed, or for the oppressed to be relieved of their oppressors, is to open the door for spiritual development. The same may be true of Soviet Russia. As to Nazism, one almost chokes if one attempts to say anything good about it: for all its dreadful perversion, however, something spiritual was trying to emerge there through a mass of slime.

Yet when everything has been said in its favour, the final effect of totalitarianism, in all the forms it has taken, and on the world as a whole, has been disastrous. For totalitarianism is nothing less than an attempt to mechanise spiritual man: to reduce him, in the highest degree possible (there can never be total success), to the status of a material aggregate, ready for manipulation by its masters. And the thing has happened, the thing is happening, that is the point: it is about in the world, it is part, now, of human consciousness. So, even for those it repels, it increases, simply by being there, the materialism of the environment. It has been done and is being done by men: it has been done and is being done, with some measure of success, *to* men: we are men: it is with us. If anyone lives in a poisoned atmosphere, he cannot help breathing the poison. Totalitarianism, moreover, has, hidden deep down in it, a powerful element of attractiveness for the spiritually weak, if they can blind themselves to its more obvious excesses: the sort of attractiveness that used to make people happy at the prospect of war, as enabling them to give up the burden of daily duties and decisions, and be at rest.

There are other things about totalitarianism that are

relevant here. There are, to speak only of Nazism, the gas-chambers and incinerators of Buchenwald: the heap of bones at Belsen: the experiments on conscious women in Poland: the execution of political opponents, face upwards, with the axe: the torture of others, in a manner that is better not described. And because men have committed these sins, we as men have committed them, and they have changed us: we have tasted of the apple of evil, and can never be quite the same again. I mean quite literally that, however little we may be conscious of it, the knowledge of what humanity is capable of has infected us with a lurking malaise of guilt and shame and despair. Especially despair. But despair is the cardinal vice, more truly to be called cardinal even than pride: it is the arch-enemy of spirit, and spirit, which is active and fruitful and creative, is hard put to it to live with its sterility.

And then, after Nazism, came Hiroshima, and the sin, with its inevitable consequences for us, was on our own hearth.

* * *

So the answer to our question "Why is it desirable that man should advance in his spirituality?" is that at any time, if he doesn't, it must tend to grow feebler and feebler: that this tendency is more certain today, when the other side of his nature has been so powerfully reinforced, than perhaps at any other period of history: and that the present is precisely the time when a spiritual enfeeblement of mankind must have the most disastrous consequences.

For consider. Day by day our mastery of the physical

universe, and of the stupendous forces that lurk in it, grows more and more complete: day by day, too, as we experiment, for example, with new drugs, discover unsuspected properties in old ones, and investigate the mysteries of human personality (there is now a whole science of subliminal persuasion, of influencing people without their knowledge), we understand a little better how to manipulate other men and women to our purposes. Isn't it inevitable, or all but inevitable under providence, that if, in such a situation, the forces of materialism, of self-interest, of competitive division are rampant in us, if they are off the leash, and unrestrained by the forces that make for co-operation and unity and love, we must bring ourselves, everything that breathes, and maybe the very stocks and stones, the physical framework of this earth on which we live and move and have our being, to the verge, and perhaps over it, of all but total destruction?

And think of what is at stake! It is whether or not the human struggle is to continue from the level of our existing achievements, or to start once again in conditions the more dreadful because a surviving remnant will remember, in its misery, what men were: the struggle, I mean, with all its accompanying splendours and nobilities and timidities and wickednesses, to realise, in the world of matter, an ideal that, never mind how, has been implanted, or has developed, within us. And at stake, with this, is the art of human relationships and romantic love, the code of honour, the music, the poetry, the painting, everything that man's spirit has fashioned to serve its high purpose. And if I am asked why all this is worth our utmost struggle to preserve, a struggle essentially spiritual, I can only be silent.

IV

THE BOMB

THE BOMB

UNILATERAL NUCLEAR disarmament is demanded by three considerations, all mere aspects or variations of the one quintessential consideration.

(1) To throw the bomb in any circumstances whatever—whether in attack or defence or by way of retaliation or with the idea of preventing an anticipated attack or for any other reason you may care to imagine—to throw the bomb in any circumstances whatever would be the final iniquity, final in the sense that no more abominable iniquity is possibly conceivable by the mind of man: sheer, unqualified evil. For what else would it be than the ultimate rejection of spirit, a total abandonment, by the men who did it, of any last vestige of sympathy with their fellow-creatures, and the conversion of their own beings, as a matter of deliberate choice, into instruments for the unspeakable torture of millions upon millions?

Do not imagine for a moment that I am being guilty of the smallest exaggeration. Thirteen years ago a tiny bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, a thing so feeble in its murderous potentialities, so ludicrously devoid of any power to achieve what we now think desirable, that no contemporary scientist could regard it as anything more than a promising start, a sort of experimental plaything. But we know a little about the results: only a little, because accurate information is not

too easy to come by, yet ample to exclude any possibility that a single one of us could plead ignorance of what nuclear warfare, in terms of "minute particulars", really means. I shall not speak here of those who died on that shameful day, or during the days that immediately followed: I shall speak only of what happened years later, and is happening now. For this is the terrible thing, a warning of what the victims of any future attack will have in store for them, decades after the last bomb has fallen: people who have survived for thirteen years, sometimes in perfect health, are dying in agony as I write. Mrs. Edita Morris, who for years now, with her husband Ira, has been doing a great work of compassion in all that spiritual and physical misery, has put at my disposal some correspondence, which she explains in the following note: "Thirteen years after the atom-bombing of his city, Fumio Nakamura fell prey to the dreaded 'radiation disease' together with many scores of his fellow-survivors. The following are verbatim excerpts from letters which his wife and he sent to me: they describe the progressive stages of one of the world's most painful illnesses. With the self-effacement customary to the Japanese, Fumio Nakamura's wife refers to her young husband's ailment only in post-scriptums to her letters."

Here they are:

Nov. 1, 1957.

P.S. I have had my husband examined and found out that his liver is in a very bad state, though he looks fairly good, as you'll see on the photo. He should take a lot of proteins, not overwork himself and take rest (difficult, as he

must drive his lorry). Treatment from x-rays may help him, but in a long run these treatments will not help him much, and then perhaps the worst of it may come in the future. I am greatly upset, but I do hope for the best, for our children, as you know, are still very young. He must live whatever!

Nov. 26, 1957.

P.S. There was news in the paper last night that another victim had died in the Hospital for Radiation Disease. The symptoms are so much like my husband's. We are lucky that he is doing fairly well, but I just can't understand why there are so many who die. I am using all our savings for buying vitamin pills. I do hope my husband will keep doing well.

Dec. 10, 1957.

P.S. I'm sorry to tell you that my husband is again not feeling very well. He started having symptoms of all kinds once more. He has diarrhoea, then he lost his appetite and he felt gassy in his stomach and he couldn't sleep at night, and he looks very miserable. He is looking somewhat better today.

Dec. 30, 1957.

(Letter dictated by Fumio Nakamura to his wife, as he speaks no English. It is in reply to a letter asking how he felt.)

Thank you for worrying about me. I feel so lost and weak sometimes, but I know I must live for my children. My wife tries very hard to help me upwards toward health and

encourages me greatly. Well, every morning when I get up I feel very dull all over my body, and my face and hand and foot are swollen when I get up in the morning. I feel full in my stomach all the time because my liver is so enlarged, it is about four times that of a normal person. My intestines seem to be hanging at the very bottom of my abdomen. I have shortness of breath during and after meals. I feel nervous all day and cannot sleep at night.

At the request of my wife I had a thorough physical examination. The doctors told me that my liver was enlarged very much, but there is no way of treating this, except to take vitamin injections every other day. Another thing is that the Radiation Sickness is a *new disease* so I feel that I am guinea-pigged. Perhaps laboratory tests are well done, but that doesn't mean much to a sick man. When it comes to treatment there seems to be something lacking . . .

Jan. 6, 1958.

P.S. My husband has been quite sick since January 3rd (he felt well for Christmas, the children had a nice Christmas). I am getting a drug called "Leukeran" CB 1438 for his treatment. It is taken by mouth, and should not give so much side effects as some other medicines do. He is to get his blood count every week and the blood kept in check by doctors. He has fever, but it is not high. He has shortness of breath whenever he moves even a little, and his stomach is so big and full that he cannot even pull the skin of his stomach. I feel so helpless sometimes when he is suffering. I do hope his health will improve as the days become warmer. If he does not improve I will have to have him hospitalised,

but at the present moment I think he should stay home and get his medicine. It is a real hard task to encourage a sick person. He keeps saying that he will not live throughout the year. It is a shame to hear him say so, but I try all I can to comfort him. Oh! Dear! He does make me worry a lot.

Jan. 31, 1958.

(Letter dictated by Fumio Nakamura and sent by his wife.)

Thank you for being upset about me. I am spending very miserable days since the beginning of January. I feel as if my whole body is rotting away from my internal organs. As time goes by I feel weaker and weaker. I feel as if I am being cooked alive. My condition is becoming worse day by day and I'm unable to work. I am taking some drugs which the doctor gives me. They seem to be helping me a little, but I imagine it will take weeks before I will be feeling better. I am developing my lymph nodes, and my liver is in such bad state that I cannot take any salt, which makes my meals tasteless. To suffer with a disease which has *no cure* is like drinking poison every day and waiting for my life to succumb. Sometimes I feel so bad that I roll about in my *futon* (bed) all night. I do feel miserable! I do hope to improve.

Feb. 17, 1958.

P.S. My husband's condition has not changed so much since I wrote you last. He is having fever, cough with sputum. His liver seems to be a little smaller, but his lymph nodes have not become much smaller. As side effects from the medicine he is taking, his white blood count is as low

as 2000. This of course makes him feel very dull. As he was losing his appetite too much, I put him back on his normal salt diet—I think he seems to be doing much better this way. I bought him a thermos to keep his food hot for lunch when I'm working. I think he is very patient for a sick man. I believe that I, too, would feel happier dead if I were him.

To have a patient in the house is difficult. Every night I have to get up many times to help him. This is nothing compared to how much he suffers, and often I wish I could share his pains and complaints. He had a bone marrow test done last week, and was told that there is plenty of hope for his white-count to increase after a while. I hope that his health will improve as spring comes along and the days get warmer. There was news in the paper yesterday that a 36-year old lady died yesterday of the disease—the fourth victim of 1958.

March 4, 1958.

P.S. I will not say that my husband is better, but he isn't worse, I think. His white blood count is now down to 800, and he is suffering from water blisters as a side effect from the "Leukeran" which he took for four weeks. His red count is normal, however, and his platelets are rising so there is no worry for his low count. On the other hand, his blisters have begun to puss and seem to pain him very badly. His liver and spleen are much smaller, but his upper lip is chapped and pussing, also his mouth is in a very sorry state. I think he will be feeling better once his white blood count starts to rise. Of course he doesn't know that his white blood count is so low. He feels that if he should have to suffer even more than now, he would be better off dead. It is very hard to

keep him encouraged, for he has been sick for two months now. He had another injection to help him to pass his urine yesterday and this injection was so painful that he was miserable for five hours afterwards. Still, I think the injection will do him more good than harm. I think I shall become a good nurse before long.

March 9, 1958.

P.S. Everything seems to be spring-like and happy except for my husband. His condition is turning so bad now that I was unable to take care of him at home any longer, so I have had him hospitalised. He is well taken care of, but I am very sad to hear that his situation will not become so much better as his weight is gone down very low and he is getting a lot of skin lesions. He gets treatment of penicillin and other drugs to control his pains, which bother him all night. His fever comes up during the night and is usually gone in the morning. But I have a great worry of what may occur in the future . . . I am very sorry to think of it, but it is something I know I must face. I have my two children who need care, and who are going to miss him just as much as I. They are so innocent, they know nothing of this disaster. I try to be strong and bold but sometimes I just begin to drop tears for nothing. And sometimes I feel so bad when I go in and look at my husband—he does try to look as happy as can be, but I think he knows himself what he is heading for. When he left home for the hospital, he said, I do not think I will come back here alive. Anyhow I hope for the best. I hope he will live, even if he does have some bothers with himself.

March 16, 1958.

P.S. The troubles around me are getting rather big. My husband's condition is not getting any better at the moment. As a matter of fact, I think it is worse than it was last week. A lot of laboratory tests have been done, but at the moment the disease itself seems to be causing all these infected lesions on his skin. It is going to be very hard to control it. His face is so badly swollen that he looks as if he wore a mask like that of a devil. Those infected lesions are paining him all night so he does not get much sleep, and in addition to that, his lips pain him every time he takes food. I can see that this is real hell in life for him. He said he is really scared to look at himself in the mirror. He really is miserable. If I picture to myself that I'll go through the same thing as he is doing now, say in a few years from now, or even tomorrow . . and also my boy and girl . . I have nothing to say. Yesterday there was news in the paper that the eighth victim of 1958 has died of the radiation disease. Heavens! Will *all* of us survivors get it?

April 1, 1958.

I am very sad! The end has come to my dear husband. It was March 30, at 7.45 p.m., when he became free from suffering. Since the 18th of March he had griping pains in his head where the water blisters had spread in multiples. He would suffer for three hours from this pain and then go to sleep for a few minutes after getting exhausted, but these pains came back to him so often that he asked the nurses if they would kill him. His white blood count had become high enough to be treated with nitrogen mustard together with glucose solution. His face was so swollen that he could

not open his eyes. His blisters began to dry, there were such big lumps of scabs on his face that his ears and nose were blocked. On the 26th of March his face became better and he could open his eyes. He was feeling much better and seemed to be looking better, but he could only take a little milk. I could only fool him a little, saying that he will be well in no time. On Saturday he began speaking of things he couldn't see with his eyes, but which were actually happening a few miles away. (This of course I knew afterwards, it was very strange.) On Sunday he said that he felt crazy and should get his head examined. On Sunday he said goodbye to us, and then slept very soundly. He slept for two hours, when he began to scratch his head where the blisters were the most awful. Then his pulse became very very fast, and the doctor said that he was within a few hours of death. I called my friends to say goodbye, they said they would help me as I am penniless. He answered, "Thank you", and dropped a tear. Then he died.

* * *

General Groves, Director of the Los Alamos project, once remarked: "I understand that death from radiation is quite pleasant."

* * *

And now consider, not such relics of an outmoded past, but something a little more like the real thing: not the real thing itself yet, however, for nothing stands still in the world of scientific inventiveness, and progress in these matters is daily. Dr. Linus Pauling of California, Nobel Prizeman, Foreign Member of the Royal Society, writes as follows:

"We may get a good idea of what would happen to the United States in a nuclear war from the testimony given before the Special Subcommittee on Radiation of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy by Dr. William W. Kellogg and Mr. Charles Shafer. . . They described in some detail the predicted effects of a hypothetical attack on the United States with thermonuclear weapons. It was assumed that 250 bombs would be dropped on 144 areas of attack . . . The bombs were assumed to be superbombs with 5 megatons, 10 megatons, or 20 megatons energy, averaging 10 megatons, and totalling 2500 megatons [three megatons are the equivalent of all the explosives used in the whole of the second world war] . . .

"Dr. Joseph Rotblat, Professor of Physics in the Medical College in St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, has suggested . . . that as much as 25,000 megatons of bombs might be used in an attack on the United States, because in an all-out war each side would aim at knocking out the enemy in the shortest possible time, so as to reduce the danger of retaliation. He pointed out that the number of bombs would be determined largely by the accumulated stockpile, and that the stockpiles may be very large a few years from now.

"A nuclear war involving 10,000 megatons of weapons is one that might be contemplated in the immediate future. It is likely that the stockpiles of nuclear weapons are such as to permit such a war to be carried out . . . The nuclear war fought with ten times as many bombs, as suggested by Dr. Rotblat, may be a reasonable one to anticipate at some time in the future, perhaps by 1965 or 1970 . . .

"[The analysis by Dr. Kellogg and Mr. Shafer] has led to the conclusion that over one half of the people in the United States would be dead at the end of sixty days after the attack, as a result of injuries received during the first 24 hours. The additional radiation effect during the period after 24 hours might be such as to cause the deaths of some additional millions or tens of millions. Moreover, as pointed out by Dr. Rotblat, the attack might be considerably heavier than the assumed 2500-megaton attack.

"I conclude that, in contemplating a possible nuclear war, we should estimate that between one half and three quarters of the people in the United States would be dead at the end of sixty days.

"Let us make an estimate for the world as a whole. Casualties might well be as great, proportionately, in the U.S.S.R., with 225 million people, in Europe as a whole, with 425 million, and in some of the adjacent regions in which there may be military bases. Altogether, about one billion people [i.e. an American billion—a thousand million] in the world might be in the regions in which there would be heavy nuclear attack. Between one half and three quarters of this total might be dead within sixty days after the attack—between 500 million and 750 million.

"I can understand the basis for the testimony given by General Gavin before a Congressional Committee, that several hundred million, perhaps as many as 800 million, casualties would result from a nuclear war."

And there is still the cobalt bomb. This is a hydrogen bomb or superbomb with a shell of perhaps a thousand

pounds of cobalt about it, the effect being, in Dr. Pauling's estimate, that the radioactivity of the fallout might be increased in its effectiveness a hundredfold over that of an "ordinary" superbomb, which would then, presumably, be considered conventional. "There is a possibility," writes Dr. Pauling, "that the cobalt bomb could be used as an important offensive weapon, such that the military leaders would be assured that by the use of some hundreds of these bombs everyone in the enemy country would be killed." A few years ago, he adds, Dr. James R. Arnold, of the University of Chicago, concluded that it would be possible, for a few billion dollars invested in cobalt bombs, to wipe out all life on earth. He adds further: "It may be that there are cobalt bombs stored in the stockpiles of thousands of nuclear weapons in the U.S.S.R. and the United States, perhaps even in some of the military bases in other countries, where great bombing planes circle about with their loads of nuclear weapons."

And still nothing has been said about the genetic aftermath of a nuclear war. I have it on the authority of Dr. C. H. Waddington, Professor of Animal Genetics in the University of Edinburgh, that "in anything like general atomic warfare the survivors would almost certainly be very gravely injured in their hereditary qualities, although not all of this injury would appear in their immediate offspring", and that "no geneticist has any doubt that the genetic dangers of atomic war are very real". There has been a lot of talk about two-headedness, and this is a by no means impossible result of "recessive" malformation, which would be unlikely to show up in the first generation: but more probable among

recessives would be various types of reduced or absent heads, and other monstrosities of the kind that already occur among human beings, but would be dreadfully increased as the aftermath of an atomic war, to a degree varying with the amount and strength of the radiation. The only genetical results that could have been detected as yet from the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki would be the "dominants"; and, whether they have occurred or not (and the evidence is conflicting, with more weight on the negative side), these are only a rather small part of the total genetic damage. Further, irradiation of a mother who was actually pregnant at the time could very well injure her foetus, producing either malformation or a subsequent development of cancer. There were not enough such cases in Japan to show this with certainty, but there is other evidence, particularly for the induction of cancer following irradiation. What, however, is not seriously disputed is that "recessive" results of large-scale atomic warfare would be certain and appalling, and this is confirmed in the Report of the United Nations Scientific Committee on the Effects of Atomic Radiation, just published. In Dr. Pauling's view, "there is a real possibility that a great nuclear war would change the nature of the pool of human germ plasm in such a way that the human species, as we know it, would not survive": but minute particulars are better, and perhaps parents at least will give heed to Albert Schweitzer's admonition, "Only those who have never been present at the birth of a deformed baby, never witnessed the whimpering shock of its mother, dare to maintain that the risk of going on with nuclear tests is one which must be taken in existing circumstances."

Going on with nuclear tests: but what we are discussing here is a nuclear war involving hundreds of millions of casualties, and poisoning later generations accordingly.

Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, made one of those slap-dash, good-humoured statements of his the other day, echoing with dim theological memories: he reminded us, apropos of nuclear disarmament, that "each person can only suffer so much", with the implication that there is nothing worse about the suffering of a whole world than about the suffering of one individual. The statement is true, the corollary facile and false: and I am going to say in terms, for all the anger it will cause, that to talk in that way is to make mockery of the claim that the Church is the Body of Christ. Does the Archbishop really believe that deliberately to cause the agony of a whole world is no greater an offence against God than to cause the agony of one individual? Does he really believe that to destroy all His work here, all creation, is no more heinous in His sight than to destroy a particle of it? And does he deny that if a single man or woman out of ten thousand can be saved from the sort of torment that makes the worship of Him, or call it the realisation of love in unity, all but impossible, this, by just so much, is positive and eternal gain? Of course he does not: but, always ready to be on the right side if the right isn't immoderately right, he shies off from anything that might savour of total commitment. There is, of course, a sense in which the agony of a trapped hare, in which all creation groans, means as much to God as the holocaust of millions: but this is not the sense that the Archbishop intended, because the opposite corollary would have followed from it.

For my own part, I prefer the naive and humane reactions of many an agnostic or atheist.

What I beg of anyone who may be reading this is that he should forget for a moment (and then remember again) the millions, and should *feel* himself, should feel *himself*, in the husband of Edita Morris's correspondent. Let him feel the first shock of horror when suddenly the dreaded corruption appears: let him feel the gradual ebbing of hope, the steady growth of despair: let him live through the days of inescapable agony, and the dawns that put an end to the brief moments of forgetfulness. And then let him recollect that this is what we did, what you and I did, at Hiroshima. And if we plead, as we truly may, that it was done without our knowledge, this plea will not avail us again. Now we know: we shall be responsible. Our Government will be responsible? No more, by a fraction, than ourselves: we are neither slaves nor automata.

One finds, among some publicists on this question, a preoccupation with our own predicament, with the fate of ourselves and our fellow-citizens, and an absence of preoccupation with that of our allies or of those we regard as our enemies. Or say, if you prefer, that they think more of ourselves than of others. This, in such a situation, almost passes belief, once we escape from the habit of thoughtless acquiescence and look at things freshly. Understandable when trivialities are concerned, or our relative share of material comforts or even necessities, it argues, when the issue is nuclear destruction, an absence of all decency. What possible meaning can geography have, or the accidents of historical association, or racial affinity, when the wholesale

searing of flesh, or the birth of cretins or monsters, is in question? Does a man in Moscow or Pekin suffer less than a man in London or New York, or a mother in Paris than a mother in Bonn? We are all humans: we all have bodies and minds and affections.

By the same token, what could it matter whether the bomb were to be thrown in attack or defence; or preventively; or to retaliate, from amid the groans of the dying, for an attack on ourselves? I have heard people say that defence is a natural right, when existence is menaced. No. An automatic response to sudden danger by a posture of defence is an instinct natural to the unreflective beasts (right doesn't come into the matter): but for creatures endowed with reflectiveness to inflict carefully planned torment on others, as a means of escaping it themselves, is an unnatural rejection of what is best in them, a monstrous perversion of their self-consciousness. And if our mothers, or our brothers and sisters, are pressed into the argument, then "Who is my mother? And who are my brothers and sisters?". I have also heard it said that our Christian way of living, or our superior culture, or whatever it may be, must be preserved against barbarism. But we should be losing them, to the degree that they exist, in the very act of preserving them: what sort of Christianity or superiority would be left to us after their preservation by such methods? As for retaliation, this is the basest and stupidest of the lot, if degrees in such wickedness are possible: because half the world has been destroyed, must we destroy the other half?

So the following is the case against throwing the bomb in

any conceivable or inconceivable circumstances, a case that overrides all possible calculations in the world of so-called practicalities: To throw it would be an utter repudiation of our humanity, a final spurning, eyes open and brain alert, of unity and love. And in certain eventualities we contemplate, we have stated explicitly that we contemplate, throwing it.

(2) To contemplate throwing the bomb, and to manufacture it and test it and stock it for use if occasion arises, is a sin very close indeed to the sin of actually throwing it. The last thing in the world I want to do is to pose as an expert in moral theology, if that is the correct term: but Christ was talking sheer common sense, as anyone will surely realise, when he said that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. Christ's greatest modification of contemporary ethics, indeed, a modification amounting almost to the discovery of something new, was his emphasis on intention: a man was not only what he decisively *did*, but also what he was feeling and thinking, what he was intending to do. Nor is a clearly envisaged intention at all necessary for such an identification: whoso hateth his brother, it was said with only a salutary modicum of hyperbole, is a murderer.

Yet narrow though the gulf is between the two types of sin, it may also, in another sense, be enormously wide: sometimes for the sinner, but more commonly, and in particular when a definite act is intended, for the one sinned against. The gulf, for the former, consists in the possibility of repentance, or, if the word is disliked, in the possibility that he will change his mind, or even his heart: and for the

latter in the fact, for example, that until he has been actually murdered he isn't dead. But, to confine ourselves to the sins of hatred and of intent to murder, the effect, for the time being at least (there can always be reconciliation), is, whatever the upshot, almost invariably disastrous for both the persons involved. Hatred evokes hatred, as love evokes love, and all hatred is ruinous: and intent to murder produces, on top of hatred, terror and desperation. There are two cases only in which the target of hatred, or the intended victim of murder, is immune: namely, when his spiritual development is such that he can say to the other, like the Indian at the point of the bayonet, "Thou also art divine"; and when he knows nothing at all of what is felt or projected. To imagine a case extreme, as it were, at both ends: if a man with a grievance intends to murder someone who has never even heard of him, and gets into his house for the purpose but finds him absent, the man with the grievance is every bit as much a murderer as he would have been if he had succeeded, but the other is totally unaffected.

Now to contemplate throwing the bomb, and to manufacture and stock it, is intent to murder, openly proclaimed: the proclamation indeed, the "let there be no doubt", "you will do it at your peril", "a major war would result" —this, on the best interpretation (an interpretation that any country proclaiming it would wish to put upon its own proclamation and to have put upon it by others), is the whole point. Everyone knows, and everyone is affected.

Let nobody boggle at the word "murder". It is a shocking word, the connotation of a shocking thing, and we react against it by protesting: but it is high time we abandoned

the pretty idea that the essential character of a thing can depend on the word we select to colour it in our imagination. To kill a man, in common verbal usage, is to end his life (accidents apart) by the authority of law, as in the case of executions, or by permission of law, as in the case of self-defence: to murder him is to end his life without such authority or permission. The distinction may reasonably be held valid within a community, where law exists, and can claim to be an implicit condition for membership of that community (not that, for my own part, I accept its validity, for I believe that in such matters as killing a divine law overrides the human one): but the distinction cannot be valid as between nations, where no law exists, for all an occasional pretence that it does. If a whole nation collectively decides to kill a whole other nation, and implements its decision, the words "killing" and "murder" are interchangeable as descriptions of the result, with a good deal to be said, on balance, for the second, owing to the absence of any legal authority or permission as between the parties involved: and the more emotive word is to be preferred, as making it harder for us to hoodwink ourselves, by a sort of verbal apology, about what we are up to. As a matter of fact we drop the distinction, or rather use it the other way round, when the enemy does the killing: we habitually call it, with another sort of emotive purpose, mass murder. Still, if we prefer to deceive ourselves, let us choose the more respectable description: it really makes no difference.

There will be another sort of protest, an immediate and instinctive one, against my way of putting the matter: I shall be told that "intent to murder" must not only be instantly

replaced by "intent to kill", but must also be qualified by some such expressions as "in the event of a meditated attack on us", "by way of self-defence", "if Russia moves in Europe with conventional weapons", "if America goes on threatening us with rocket bases", "if indirect aggression continues", "if imperialist provocation increases", and so on and so on: these being phrases, official or "inspired", that anyone could read in his newspaper on numerous occasions during the last few months or years, with the conclusion, sometimes explicit but always implied, "then we shall throw the bomb". But the protest will be pointless. First, a threat to kill is a threat to kill, whatever the circumstances, and all I am talking about at the moment is the inescapable consequence of a threat to kill. Second, could any country fail to believe, given a climate so instinct with fear, or to persuade itself into believing, that the motive of others in manufacturing nuclear weapons is actually or potentially aggressive? And again it is not the real motive, whatever this may be, but the inevitable interpretation of this motive, that is to our present purpose.

Very well, then: powerful nations are openly proclaiming their intent (given certain eventualities, if you like) to inflict mass murder (or mass killing, if you prefer) on other powerful nations, and those others on the first. What must happen? What *is* happening. It is not that the "common people" here or there are being engulfed in a growing hatred of the common people there or here, individual for individual or even in the "I don't like Germans" sort of way: though at any moment they could be, if their temporary masters so willed—and not only in totalitarian countries, but wherever

huge organs of opinion are at hand to whip up, with a mastery of technique that gets nearer and nearer perfection, the fitting "national" emotions. For the time being, however, they feel comparatively little of that personal impact, are comparatively immune from that consciousness of an outrage directed by particular individuals against themselves individually, from which hatred derives: they find, on the contrary, when opportunities for free access are given them, that they "quite like" one another, and are tempted only by such events as the Hungarian atrocities, or the Anglo-American intervention in Jordan and the Lebanon as presented in Moscow, to be swept by emotions in which, alongside something that may be salutary (and certainly was, in the first of these cases), personal hatred comes close, perilously close, to being involved. In general, the effect on ordinary men and women of the developing situation, which is disastrous, is of a different kind, and will be considered later on in this chapter.

It is the professionals, the politicians and the vast apparatus on which they rely, who are so horribly affected. As the air becomes thicker and thicker with fear, and the fabric of threats and counter-threats grows stronger and stronger and ever more closely enmeshed, two things are inevitably happening to these controllers of our destiny. They are progressively reacting to one another, in a state of intensifying obsession, with almost mechanical, almost impersonal reactions of suspicion or distaste or cold hostility or hot detestation, as the case may be: almost impersonal, because Dulles and Khrushchev, to take them as typical, may for all I can know to the contrary have in their other capacity,

their capacity as human beings, quite a liking for one another. This is the first of the things that are happening to them: and the second is that they are being driven by a sort of maniacal necessity to increase and again to increase and yet again to increase the size or power or speed, as may be appropriate, but always the general destructiveness, of their nuclear weapons, and to add some nuclear device or other to an increasing range of such objects as may be turned to aggressive or aggressive-defensive account. And now a peculiarly dreadful phenomenon, a phenomenon that turns the heart to ice, is beginning to appear: slowly but inexorably the machine, the nuclear machine, is getting out of hand and taking charge. I do not know whether others share this nightmare with me, but I have the vision, daily sharper, of a mechanical monster developing and proliferating, like some horrible new form of life, of its own volition. It is pushing out, with its dead-alive tentacles, everywhere: not only Germany and France, but even, they say, little Switzerland, with its tradition of peaceful neutrality, are stirring as it sucks at them, and demanding a fair share in its lethalising fellowship. It is beginning to be no longer true that men are using the machine: it is beginning to be true that the machine is using men. And a point has already arrived at which it does its own thinking. As Schweitzer has pointed out, there are rockets that fly about the world at an incredible speed, and should it appear from the radar screen that such rockets are on their way to this or that country, "calculation as to their distance has to be made to the fraction of a second" if a counter-attack is to explode them before they arrive. "Such decision cannot be left to the human brain, for it

works too slowly. We depend entirely on an electronic brain." But an electronic brain is even faultier than a human one, and may murder us all, without human intervention, by a blunder.

You get the impression, sometimes, as you listen to one or other of the world's statesmen, that these are not their voices but the voices of the bomb: it has got hold of them, is speaking through them. This is particularly the case, I think, to speak only of Western politicians, with the decent, painstaking, dutiful Mr. John Foster Dulles. I seemed to catch, from across the ocean, a sigh of relief when the proposals for a Summit conference on the Arabian imbroglio appeared likely to prove abortive: I seemed to hear some such phrase, pronounced with satisfaction, as "the manœuvre has been defeated". You might almost think on occasion, indeed, that Mr. Dulles was the victim of a death-wish, but you would be wrong, so far as the real Mr. Dulles is concerned: the real Mr. Dulles is obviously, I repeat, a good man, but the best man, at a time like this, runs a danger of being enslaved by the machine. Or, to put it in another way, Mr. Dulles, it seems to me, is liable to attack now and then by a form of perversity analogous to the one described, in a specially illuminating passage, by Mr. Aldous Huxley:

"Even the well-balanced and the self-controlled are sometimes aware of a paradoxical temptation to do the exact opposite of what they know they ought to do. It is a temptation, very often, to an evil without point or profit, to a gratuitous and, so to say, disinterested outrage against

common sense and common decency. Most of these inductive temptations are successfully resisted—most, but by no means all. Every now and then sensible and fundamentally decent people will embark, all of a sudden, on courses of which they themselves are the first to disapprove. In these cases the evil-doer acts as though he were possessed by some entity different from and malignantly hostile to his ordinary self. *In fact, he is the victim of a neutral mechanism, which (as not uncommonly happens with machines) has got out of hand and, from being the servant of its possessor, has become his master.*"

(Somewhat differently, I have the liveliest recollection of an evening during the second world war when I was talking to a famous politician, and saw him struggling almost visibly with his delight at the way things were going wrong: for he hated Mr. Churchill, who was in charge. This was a patriot and that is why he struggled: but people may be tempted to sacrifice their own safety, as well as their country's, to an obsession.)

And now the common people come in. More damning than any of those other materialist pressures in the modern environment that were mentioned towards the end of the last chapter, pressures that enfeeble our spirituality and make it harder for us to put up a fight against the materialism in our own nature, is the pressure exercised by the bomb itself and everything bound up with it. The bomb is the triumph of matter, it is matter divorced from spirit and become wholly evil. And we live in its orbit, in an atmosphere poisoned by its infection: we live in the fear and despair that it engenders, and these are enemies of spirit. Our air is loud

with threats and counter-threats, and what "in certain eventualities" is threatened, explicitly or implicitly, is nothing less, so far as the two major antagonists are concerned, than the mass slaughter of a great segment of mankind, a slaughter which, as everyone knows, may become universal. And we here in England calmly contemplate doing likewise: we contemplate taking a hand in the slaughter, for the purpose of safeguarding, as we imagine, our own "interests". And we are becoming habituated to the thing: we are beginning to take the bomb and all that it implies for granted. How then, if such a situation continues, if we grow harder or more cynical or more fearful or more despairing or more cruelly indifferent or indifferently cruel—how shall we find the power to resist that materialism of which the bomb is at once the sovereign expression and the sovereign begetter? The circular evil will grow ever stronger, and we shall be enclosed in it.

So, on all counts, I cannot escape the conviction that unless we can somehow break in on the mad and maddening automatism of the machine: unless the intent to commit mass murder, and to manufacture bombs for the purpose, can somehow be decisively halted—then the machine must end by destroying us. When, no one can say. Disaster may be staved off for the time being: insanity is not yet complete, and politicians can still "give and take" a little (for no one of course *wants* an atomic war, the Russians certainly included) if they think they can do so without sacrificing any of what they may think of as their countries' vital interests—the adjective is bitterly ironic in this context. Things may improve, from time to time, in detail, as well as deteriorate: a more

or less immediate atomic war seems improbable. But that, unless we do something about it, catastrophe will come, and in the foreseeable future, is, under providence, all but certain.

(3) There is only one way in which you can break in on a vicious circle of materialism enhancing materialism, and that is by spirit. There is only one way in which you can check the routine of a mechanical automatism, and that is by the spontaneity of spiritual initiative. There is only one way in which you can conquer self-interest, and that is by selflessness. There is only one way in which you can conciliate hostility, and that is by love.

And so there is only one way out of the present impasse. If any of the nations now in possession of nuclear weapons were to say "Look! We have repented, we have thought better of it, we have changed our minds. In no circumstances will we use these instruments of torment against our fellow human beings. In no circumstances will we burn you, disfigure you, inflict unbearable pain on you, poison you in your offspring for generation after generation, or reduce you to the atoms from which you came. Do to us as you wish: we will not do it to you, for we are men. And in token of our decision we make an end, here and now and in a way that all may see, of the weapons we have impiously prepared out of fear of what may come to us: we pledge ourselves never again to commit this impiety: and we throw our country open to your inspection so that you may know that we are as good as our word. Now we are naked: we are in your hands"—if any of the nations were to say this, at last there would be surcease.

Can I prove it? Of course not, any more than I can prove the existence of spirit itself: I can only ask the reader to look within, and to form his own judgment. And experience will guide him: for we know very well that preaching rarely achieves anything, but that example can change, it may be a single man who meets it, and it may be a world. There is such a thing as human shame: there is such a thing, also, as human pride. Few will fail to remember a time when they intended evil but refrained, because another had shown that, whatever the material cost to him, he must refuse to commit it: they would have been ashamed, or too humanly proud, not to follow his example. And a response of spirit to spirit, a leap by humanity, at the sound of that voice in the wilderness, out of the sterile materialism and cold despair that press in on it, is all the more certain, I am persuaded, because we are feeling so ashamed already, because shame has for so long now been destroying our sense of well-being. Only a supreme effort can avail in a supreme crisis: only unqualified good can conquer absolute evil: only an utter positive can reach down to the nadir of negativism: and I for one believe that if a single nation could find the strength to say "Enough! We have done with it for ever", such a new spirit would sweep across the world, and such pressure by the people on their representatives, or on those of them who might not be directly affected, as would compel, first of all a halt in the present destructiveness, then a change of direction, and finally a gradual harnessing of the machine to the true service of mankind.

It makes no matter which of the nations takes the plunge: what matters is that one of them should act, should give a

lead, before it is too late. Even a country as yet innocent of atomic weapons could do something by abandoning any thought of acquiring them, and by telling the world so, and why. But what others do is a matter for their several consciences, as what we do is a matter for ours: and we cannot escape our responsibility by waiting on the event. Individually and collectively, our consciences should forbid us to commit mass murder, should forbid us absolutely, should forbid it whatever the circumstances: this is another way of saying that they should forbid us to intend mass murder, given appropriate circumstances: and unless we intend mass murder our nuclear weapons are meaningless. We should therefore destroy them forthwith, and have done with it.

* * *

This is the spiritual or religious case, or the moral or ethical one, for unilateral nuclear disarmament. There are other cases, for example the military one: and I feel bound to say in terms that such military arguments as I have come across in support of our existing arrangements—and I have read anything I could lay my hands on and examined it as attentively as possible—seem to me in my ignorance (though there is really nothing as esoteric as all that about this business of killing people and blowing things up) so grotesquely invalid, and to prove indeed so cogently the exact opposite of what they intend, that I must conclude I have misunderstood them. However that may be, I rest on the spiritual case, which is absolute. And if anyone still feels dubious about the basis of my argument, let him look at what we are up to in terms of common decency and humanity—

differ though we may, he and I, as to where these may come from.

§ 2

I shall be confining myself, for the rest of this chapter, to ourselves: and, first, to a possible result for this island if we, the British, unilaterally disarmed. Our decision to do so, which is demanded unconditionally, would be quite irrespective of any such results for us, could we foresee them: but as one consideration in particular seems decisive for many, it cannot be ignored.

What troubles people is that by unilaterally disarming we might, they think, lay ourselves open to occupation by Soviet Russia: and they ask themselves whether even the horrors of a hydrogen war would not be preferable to this.

The answer might vary according to what is meant by a hydrogen war: if a general one, involving large areas of the world or perhaps the whole of it, the question can hardly arise, for to avoid discomfort for ourselves, however extreme, at the cost of universal ruin, would argue an unconscionable selfishness. People are often, indeed, quite vague about it all, and don't seem to know what they do mean: they exclaim "Better for the whole world to be destroyed than live under Russian domination" in the manner of a hack peroration, good for a tornado of cheers but for nothing else. What they appear to mean is that the end of everything would be better than some sort of Soviet control. There is neither heart nor mind, to say nothing of religion, in such an attitude, and we can dismiss it: and can assume, by way of simplification, that what sane people are asking is whether a hydrogen war,

directed against ourselves alone (if this could be conceived), might not be preferable to a Soviet occupation of this island.

Is the answer really in doubt? Are people who put the question facing the reality of the alternatives? Or are they substituting a worn stock-in-trade, a set of automatic responses applicable to other situations but not to this, for fresh and living, for visualising, thought? "Anything is better than slavery", "You can pay too high a price for life", "Fear is a bad counsellor", "There are worse things than pain"—this is the sort of thing you hear, particularly, I have noticed, from soldiers and clergymen: but while most of these aphorisms have a great deal of truth in them, none of them are relevant.

A Soviet occupation would be horrible, and few can know it better than I: for I am an anarchist by nature, I feel ill when I enter a prison, any tampering with freedom enrages me, and occasionally even the sight of a policeman makes me faintly uncomfortable (let psychoanalysts and criminologists make of all this what they will). But to keep one's head, though by no means always desirable, is eminently so here: and what we have to do is to take into account the tolerable aspect of the picture as well as the pretty nearly intolerable ones.

What might we expect? An attempt in the case of ordinary citizens (including artists and poets and musicians and scientists and lawyers and philosophers and historians and political and religious teachers and so on and so on through the whole gamut of people with a special gift for creation or thought) to regiment us in every possible manner: to standardise us, to rob us of our individuality, to control,

not only what we did, but also what we thought and felt. And in the case of anyone connected to the smallest degree with the machinery of government, there would be, on top of that, a pressure, steadily applied, by way of compelling us to execute policies that might be odious to our conscience, with life or liberty as the forfeit for refusal. There would be spying, and delation, and the knock in the night: there would be a pervasive atmosphere of insecurity, and perhaps, every now and again, a wave of terror. There might even be torture, and a rotting of human personality in political prisons and labour camps.

I have painted the picture as black as I know how to, for I might otherwise be accused of underplaying the possibilities: and, whether I have exaggerated or not, there can be no sort of doubt but that it would be very black indeed. And yet . . . even in the Soviet Union itself there is another aspect of things. When I was there in 1937, at the height of one of the terrors, the man in the street seemed to be enjoying himself in much the same way as we do in the West, and reliable people who have visited the place recently report a similar—and not, after all, wholly surprising—phenomenon. Life goes on, love goes on, sea and country and rivers are still there, children play about, there is even laughter and fun: those are things you cannot kill, even if you want to, unless you kill a whole people. Decent work in scientific research and technology continues, I understand, to be done, despite the Lysenko and similarly detestable episodes: the Russians were even first with their sputniks, which a lot of people think important. Such painting as I have seen is pretty vile, but some of the music is by no means contemptible.

The ballet is superb. I don't know about the chess, but I imagine it is as good as ever . . . Yes, life goes on: and (what is really important) despite all the regimentation and pernicious nonsense about deviations and diversionism—despite, too, all the callousness and cruelty and materialism—the human spirit has put up a fight for its free creativity, and, perhaps as often as not, has struggled through. Why, a Soviet citizen has just produced, in "Dr. Zhivago", probably the greatest novel of our time.

And this has been in a country without our long and settled tradition of liberty. Could not we do even better? Of course we should be occupied, as the Soviet Union is not, though every totalitarian country is in a sense occupied: but there is probably a limit to what the apparatus could inflict on us here, as there is a limit, which becomes obvious every now and again and compels a change, to what they can inflict in their own country. The occupation would have to be fought at point after point, and at any, in particular, at which freedom of thought or expression was being intolerably attacked: if people were mouldering away in the silence of labour camps voices would have to be found for them: and the fight, which would require the greatest courage and a ceaseless effort to avoid violence, would be a perilous one. But it would be infinitely worth while: and, with such a prize for success, there would be exhilaration in it. Moreover: as things are, any possibility of recommending our freedom to the men and women of Soviet Russia is impaired to an almost fatal degree by the barriers between us: we are here and they are there, and we find difficulty in getting through. But under an occupation, which would require a

large personnel, we should be at personal grips with them: and, if we used the spiritual weapons of patience and courage and harmlessness and forgiveness and even love (people who think this is nonsense should read Iulia de Beausobre's *The Woman who Could Not Die*, which describes her relations with her guards of the G.P.U.), we might find the enemy becoming a neighbour. So while most of us would pray, I suppose, that this cup might pass from us, to accept it, if the time should come, might mean victory.

And now consider the alternative that many would appear to think preferable. Perhaps the death of everyone on this island: certainly the immediate death of millions, the death, a little delayed, of millions more, and a lingering agony for the survivors, with that in the depth of their bodies which would mean deformation, no one knows to what extent or degree, for any that might come after them. What sort of civilisation could there be, what sort of decent and ordered and kindly living, after such a catastrophe?

Here it is in a sentence. Under a Soviet occupation there would be *life*: a nuclear war would mean death: and the man who chooses death rather than life is a blasphemer, not, if you prefer, against God, but against his own proper nature.

And, however we may choose for ourselves, what right have we to choose non-existence for those who, in the years ahead of us, might have been born into life? And what right have we to choose malformation and disease for those others who might indeed be born, but might have been born healthy? If we could summon the unborn generations, and ask of them their decision: if we could put it to them "Do

you wish to be born at the cost of our living under Soviet occupation? And if you wish to be born do you wish to be born with a greater chance of health and a smaller chance of disease, at the same cost?", what do you think they would reply?

* * *

There are two other things worth saying on the subject of Russia, while we are about it. Why, against all historical experience, do we take it for granted that Russia is the eternal enemy? Why does it never enter our consciousness that another nation, in the foreseeable future, may be in her place? We are always like that: we were like it during the second world war and for a few years after, when it was Germany who must have her shipyards blown up and her factories razed and be forever disarmed, as a permanent menace to mankind. And overnight we rearmed her! Before that, it was France. Can we never learn? Must we always be obsessed by the moment? God forbid that I should dwell upon the possibility of any nation whatever, at present friendly to us, becoming our enemy: all I am saying is that this constant preoccupation with Russia as a permanent danger, and the only one, is very bad indeed for the prospects of peace. If a hydrogen war were to come during the next few years, Russia, by herself or in concert with others, would of course be a leading party to it: nor can it be doubted that only Russia has the ambition, at present, of spreading a particular civilisation, or way of life, over as much of the earth's surface as possible, though not, I am persuaded, by war—nor was it Russia, after all, who first

manufactured the bomb. But things change (that is one of the few indisputable lessons of history), Russia, in the longer perspective, perhaps included: old combinations fall apart, new combinations appear: and if country after country acquires nuclear weapons, as many of them look like doing, and the tension continues to mount, no one can say whence the ultimate danger may come. This is not a reason for treating everyone as a potential enemy: it is a reason for not getting Russia on the brain, and becoming so inextricably locked up with her in mutual hostility that no time may be left us for averting disaster.

And the second thing worth saying about Russia follows immediately from this. If we do want that breathing-space, if we do want to avoid a clash during the years immediately ahead of us, we ought to be more careful, not only of what we say about her as a matter of almost daily routine, but also of what we think. Must we go on eternally, for instance, referring to ourselves and our allies as "the free world", in the way Russia refers to us as "the imperialists"? I have sometimes found it amusing to glance at men in the streets and recognise the schoolboy in them: this one with the fresh face and button nose, that one peering myopically through his glasses—in a flash you can see exactly what they looked like two or three decades ago. Just so we seem to hear a lot of schoolboys in the mouthing, with hostile automatism, of these weary and stereotyped formulae: and what possible good can it do, this mechanical labelling, what can possibly come of it but a careless freezing of our antagonisms? We think of a country as free if it isn't enslaved to communism, the communists think likewise if it isn't enslaved to

capitalism: cannot the two of us recognise that, and have done with it? We shall never ease things up unless we drop the whole silly routine of tit for tat, and one of us must take the initiative. It had better be ourselves.

No one could pretend that a balanced attitude to Russia is easy. When an event like Hungary occurs our reaction is one of horror and shame, and it is a proper reaction: any other would argue a detestable inhumanity. It is also vital to protest: just to let the thing go by would be odious. But none of this need issue in either abuse or ill will: the most effective of protests is utmost aid to the victims, and the horror should be horror of the deed, and should be divorced, not only from hatred of the doer, but from that impurity of self-reference which consists in enjoying our emotions because they are ours. And while I would say nothing in depreciation of the way people responded to Hungary's torment, few could have failed to detect, mixed up with much real generosity, something less unexceptional: namely a feeling of pleasure that it was Russia who had done it instead of sorrow that anyone had done it, and a readiness to use the catastrophe for the purposes of the cold war. Moreover, selectiveness, whether in protest or compassion, is always to some degree suspect: France has recently been committing outrage in Algeria with little to-do about it, nor has our own record been spotless. What point could there be, I may be asked, in making enemies of the French? No point at all, I would agree, with all my heart: but would ask, in return, what point there is in maintaining our enmity with the Russians, when everyone's salvation depends on its rapid assuagement.

Apart from this, any serious effort to enter into the

Russian point of view—to understand, not why she perpetrates these horrors, but what her general way of living means to her and what explains, both historically and prophetically, her communism—is becoming rarer and rarer in the West. More and more we are content to think of ourselves, in our self-righteousness, as the guardians of civilisation, and to think of Russia as Antichrist: and Russia does the same *vice versa*, though the latter expression, except to meet special cases, is absent from her vocabulary. But these are exaggerations, and unless we can learn to modify them peace is impossible: for the permanence of communism in the world, if the world survives—of a communism, we all pray, that will develop its admirable features and shed its odious ones—is quite certain. The State Department has just issued, at the moment of this writing, a 3,000-word memorandum which restates America's refusal to recognise Communist China. "The United States holds the view," says this document, "that Communism's role in China is not permanent and that it one day will pass. . . By withholding diplomatic recognition from Peking it seeks to hasten that passing." No one can believe such foolishness: the proclamation is no more than a hack move in a professional game, one of those that signify, for the benefit of rival players, something the latter at once understand. What it means is that the United States are determined to keep Formosa going, with an eye to eventualities.

The best statement I know of the original impulse behind Russian communism is Professor Macmurray's. "Wherever you find the effort to achieve human equality," he wrote in 1935, "to overcome the enmities and self-interests that

separate individuals and classes and nations and races, you are discovering the working of religion—of religious reason—in man. You find it, for example, at the basis of modern communism, for all its profession of atheism. You find Karl Marx describing the whole stretch of human history from the breakdown of primitive tribal communism to the establishment of universal communism—the unification of all nations and races in the community of the world—which is his apocalypse, the brotherhood of men that is to be—you find him describing the intermediate stage, as the result of the estrangement of Man from himself, from his own reality; and the establishment of communism as the reconciliation of man with himself. That is religious insight—partial and incomplete, but essentially religious. For the great negation of religion is individualism, egocentricity become a philosophy; and it is inherently atheist, however much it says 'Lord, Lord!' "

The spiritual end has been largely forgotten, for the avenues of approach to it have become increasingly obstructed by antispiritual means, and these have been compelling a change of direction. The very start had an element of falseness in it, which has grown with the years: so that communist totalitarianism, as was said earlier, has long been a major source of the materialism that is poisoning the world. But the old, positive impulse has not vanished: it may, and I believe will, even yet rout the negativisms that have been choking it: and unless we realise this—unless we abandon the idea that there is nothing "to" the Soviet Union but gangsters and megaphones, as Orwell once put it—we cannot hope to achieve that imaginative sympathy and

understanding which alone might produce, at first peaceable co-existence, and in the end co-operation and unity.

§ 3

Apart from this matter of a possible Soviet occupation, I can hear people saying "We go nearly all the way with you, but one consideration holds us up. If we disarmed unilaterally, and the result for which you hope, namely a general move in the same direction, did not follow, might we not have made that very atomic war which we seek above all to prevent a little more probable?"

How could we have done? By withdrawing our twenty or so bombs from America's stock of thousands, as against Russia's, it is thought, of thousands also? No one can say, of course, what the exact totals are on one side or the other: the Americans have a superiority at the moment, but the Russians, at some other moment, may either balance or surpass it. Mr. Lester Pearson has recently stated that America is producing enough fissionable material every year to make 30,000 to 40,000 bombs of the Hiroshima type, and quotes "a United States official source" in verification: but, given the fearful destructiveness of these weapons, and the limit imposed by nature or providence on the total area of all the territories taken together that are available for destruction, these figures are becoming totally irrelevant. Anyhow, what difference could *we* make?

Or is it that by denying airfields and rocket bases to America we should be robbing her of the advantage of being closer at hand to attack Russia than Russia is to attack her (though North Africa and Turkey would presumably still

be available) and so be removing a deterrent (the word had to come in sooner or later) against Russian aggression? But, apart from the fact that with the development of inter-continental missiles the whole thing becomes a matter of split seconds, the argument anyhow, if there is even the tiniest point in it, works both ways: for America, in possession of our bases, is, by the same logic, the more likely to attack Russia, if the latter moves in Europe or elsewhere with conventional weapons or in any other non-atomic manner of which America may disapprove. And if anyone thinks that America could never be the first to start an atomic war, let him remember that our own Government has announced our intention of using the British H. bomb if the Russians *do* move in Europe with conventional weapons. Ah, the strategists might answer, but then the Russians, fearing an atomic reply from America, would refrain from moving at all, and that is just what we want. No they would not: they would hope to have their fingers on the button a split second of a split second ahead of the Americans, whether to forestall or to retaliate. But then the Americans . . . The fact is that all such calculations are quite meaningless in a split-second world: or, if they do mean anything, all they mean is that, with the infernal things lying all over the place, the world may suddenly blow up for any number of reasons that no one can calculate.

But if this is all there is to it, why on earth, I shall be asked, do we hesitate? For a number of reasons. For instance: we, the men in the street, cling almost without exception to the idea, once reasonable to a certain extent and in certain circumstances but under atomic conditions completely

outmoded, that, unless we are armed with the most efficient of available weapons, our property and our lives will be at the mercy of whoever it may be. We don't stop to think whether the idea is any longer valid: we just go on thinking it. Secondly, the politicians and top brass, together with their supporting apparatus, would never dream, unless compelled to by public opinion, of letting their country fall a millimetre behind others in the competitive race for up-to-the-minute instruments of power and prestige: it is a matter, with them, of an ingrained professionalism (and one that must harden every day and every moment under the pressure of continuous routine), or, to put it more fairly, of a traditional patriotism such as never stops to think, amid hourly responsibilities, of what the truest type of patriotism may nowadays mean. Or again, there is the highly honourable determination to stand by our American friends: we feel, as Mr. Macmillan recently put it, that we must prefer to be wrong with the Americans than to be right alone. Well, it happens that I think of the Americans as my friends in a particularly intimate sense: but to forego a policy that might give hope to the world would be the plainest disloyalty to everyone, the Americans included.

* * *

The deterrent argument is a myth, so far as our own nuclear weapons are concerned (and everyone else's, but I have not been arguing that here). So let us ignore it: and, remembering the spiritual considerations that I have attempted to set out, let us destroy these abominations immediately.

V

THE DEVIL'S REPERTOIRE

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THE DEVIL HAS an extensive repertoire of tricks for those frequent occasions (of which arguments about nuclear bombing have lately been becoming the chief) when a show of level-headedness, of sound judgment, of man-of-the-world maturity is above all desirable. They take the form of general apophthegms and exclamations, and can be used over and over again, and be shifted from one topic to another, without any apparent loss of freshness or power to settle, out of hand, the matter under discussion. Should the issue remain doubtful, however, the master is always ready with a few more specialised items that can be relied upon to tip the balance. I shall scribble down here a few of his commoner successes, beginning with the former class and ending with the latter.

§ 1

GENERAL APOPHTHEGMS AND EXCLAMATIONS

(a) "You can't apply Christianity to politics"

This is probably the devil's star turn. It has the special advantage of appealing equally to the ordinary pagan and

to the expertly religious: there is indeed a whole theology of it, a capital product of which is Reinhold Niebuhr's *Moral Man and Immoral Society*. I admire Reinhold Niebuhr (whose practice is as saintly as his doctrine is devilish) as much as I admire any man now living, but I reject his dualistic relativism utterly. His point of view is based, among other things, on a sharp differentiation between this world and the next, of a kind utterly different from the one I have been stressing in earlier chapters: on a contrast, seen as basic and inevitable, between the individual man and the collective man (whereas, for me, the assumption of this inevitability is the cause of half our evils, and derives from a muddle-headed, bogus-mystical, unrealistic taking-it-for-granted that there is something in society, something ultimate, other than the men and women who make it up): and on a profoundly pessimistic estimate of human nature. "The demand of religious moralists," he writes in a typical passage, "that nations subject themselves to 'the law of Christ' is an unrealistic demand, and the hope that they will do so is a sentimental one. Even a nation composed of individuals who possessed the highest degree of religious goodwill would be less than loving in its relation to other nations. It would fail, if for no other reason, because the individuals could not possibly think themselves into the position of the individuals of another nation in a degree sufficient to ensure pure benevolence [or, in other words, could not possibly take the step forward in imaginative sympathy that has been so constantly urged in these pages]." But that is to beg the whole question. Side by side with this passage may be set a vigorous statement by Martin Luther,

the same who recommended that the Jews' tongues should be pulled out through the back of their heads: "It is indeed true that Christians, so far as they themselves are concerned, are subject to neither law nor sword, and need neither; but just take heed to fill the world with real Christians before ruling it in a Christian and evangelical manner. This you will never accomplish, for the world and the masses are and always will be unchristian." I was melodramatic enough to say on one occasion, when referring to this passage, that you could almost hear the nails on Calvary.

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The semi-instinctive but quite mythical notion that you can't apply Christianity to politics—or say to international politics for the moment, as an aberration specially affecting that area must first be considered—would have a much harder fight for it but for our lazy, unimaginative habit of personalising nations or countries and thereby depersonalising men. "Great Britain", "France", "Russia", "The United States" are no doubt convenient pieces of shorthand, and even essential as time-savers for the hourly conduct of affairs: but the moment we assume they exist we are making a reality out of a symbol, and the moment we base our international thinking and feeling, and ultimately our international doing, on this assumption we are committing the sort of lie, the intellectual and emotional falsity, that always ends in disaster.

There is no such thing as Great Britain or France or Russia or the United States. There are so many Englishmen and Scotsmen and Welshmen, so many Frenchmen and

Russians and North Americans: an individual, every one of them, like you and me: these, and the physical territory in which they live, the mountains and valleys and pastures, the cities and townships and villages, of their several homelands. That is all: unless you care to add the non-human creatures, every one of them again individual, and the works of art and historical monuments and ruins—and something I shall deal with in a moment, something we have to be terribly careful about in our thinking and feeling, namely what is indifferently called the national tradition or the national character. But note immediately that this latter has no independent existence: it does not float about in a vacuum, divorced from the solid people who partake of or exhibit it. In brief, there is nothing but the physical landscape—and men. Individual men, individual Russians or Americans: for to talk about "The Russians" or "The Americans" is only another way of talking about "Russia" or "The United States".

Now the fact that we have forgotten this (or have never realised it, owing to our easy acceptance, from earliest childhood, of personalising labels) allows us to commit such unspeakable abominations against our fellow human beings as might otherwise have been impossible. I remember being most vividly aware of this during the recent world war. Night after night that dreadful voice on the air, either coldly matter-of-fact or with the faintest ring of triumph in it, advised us that so many tons of high-explosive or incendiary bombs had been dropped on Germany. Germany! They had been dropped, not on that mythical entity, not on that figment of the imagination or rather of thoughtlessness, but

on German men, German women and German children (never mind the cities and houses, the bridges and docks): living torches, forty thousand of them, had been flinging themselves into the canal at Hamburg, fathers and mothers had been spattered with the brains of their children. But that was not how we thought of it, if we thought at all: we were doing it, as the announcer told us, to "Germany". And *we* were not doing it either, for the personalisation works both ways: "England" was doing it. I am not suggesting that we consciously, or even unconsciously, adopted this alibi, though there may have been a few who did the one and a few who did the other, and there were a few of course also who understood the reality and refused to hoodwink themselves: what I am saying is that to the majority, taking "Germany" and "England" for granted, the thought of Germans and Englishmen, not to say of one particular, visualised German or of one particular, visualised Englishman, namely the listener himself, simply never occurred. Nor am I concerned with the question of whether the bombing of "Germany" was proper or necessary: I am concerned only to insist that individual I's living in England did it to individual Thou's living in Germany, and vice versa. For that is the reality: and no cloudy speculation about collective as distinct from and opposed to individual man, and no Hegelian hypostatising of convenient abstractions, will ever persuade me to the contrary.

As for national character, as shaped by national environment and tradition, this is totally irrelevant to the present discussion. It exists, of course: but the degree of its existence, relatively to the other factors that go into a man's make-up,

as well as its relative importance in any of its possible contexts apart altogether from the present one, has often been grossly exaggerated. People's general way of thinking and feeling is undoubtedly influenced by the climate (maybe even the physical one) of whatever community or communities they may be living in, whether family or country or, we may hope one day, the world: and this influence may be terribly powerful, particularly if, as in totalitarian countries, there is a constant endeavour to dehumanise, semi-mechanise people and make them conform. But there are two things to be observed. First, the influence, once subjected to a change of circumstance, commonly proves to have been alike more temporary and more superficial than would otherwise have seemed probable. The German youth, for example, which had been steeped in militarist fantasies under Hitler, and for much of the time and in much of the country over a long period before, was almost fanatically pacifist for a decade at least after 1945, and probably still is: and "the Jews", men and women of middle age as well as children and young people, not to mention those as yet unborn, shed their ghetto characteristics, so called, with what many thought remarkable rapidity after their arrival in Israel. The fact is that the influence people respond to is the influence of the moment, irrespective of whether it reinforces or reverses a previous trend: that is why, incidentally, an initiative of the kind this whole book has been suggesting, a positive call to have done with the evil past, could very well sweep public opinion in any part of the world it might penetrate to.

But the second thing to be said about national character

is, in the present context, far more important. What remains common to all human beings at a roughly similar stage of development, and even to human beings as such, is seen as incomparably more significant, once prejudice has been removed, than what distinguishes and may divide them as people with national characteristics, as Englishmen or Germans or South African Negroes. For what is finally significant about a human being is his humanity. If even a small effort had been made, anyone would have realised that a mother bombed with her baby in Hamburg was a mother bombed with her baby: and that, relatively to the human nature that bound her to a mother in England, her national characteristics, and even her possession of a party card as one of Hitler's Rhinemaidens, were like a puny candle in the tropical sun. And I have said nothing about the baby, whose national colour was presumably a myth, as there are few, I understand, who believe nowadays in the inheritance of acquired characteristics.

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Very well, then: the reality of a foreign country is the man or woman who lives in it, and if they differ from ourselves in respect of environment, so do we differ among ourselves in respect of a lot of other things. It would indeed appear probable that a miner in Northumberland, for instance, has a good deal more in common with a miner in Irkutsk than the former with the honourable Member for the Shires or the latter with the local G.P.U. man. And the reality of our own country too is the man or woman who lives in it. So what it comes to is this: the only reality anywhere,

in this context, is the individual man or woman, the member of our human species.

Now we have seen what sort of ethic our apprehension of reality demands of us: it demands that we should live, to the limit of our ability, in others. To the limit of our ability, no less: for "Charity can have no excess till it contradicts that love which we are to have in Heaven, till it is more than that which would lay down its life even for an enemy, till it exceeds that which the first Christians practised, when they had all things common; till it exceeds that of St. John, who requires him that has two coats to give to him that has none, and he that has meat to do likewise; till it is loving our poor brethren more than Christ has loved us; till it goes beyond the command of loving our neighbour as we love ourselves." What then has suddenly happened? Why do most of us, accepting, with whatever compromises, the spiritual demand, do our wretchedly inadequate best in the sphere of personal relations, but make a far smaller effort where national politics are concerned, and hardly any when it comes to foreign countries? Everyone is still a man: single, individual: one man, not two men. At home, there is no such thing as a "collective" man: there is a man living in a collectivity, just as one man can be a husband and a father and a footballer and a clerk, all at the same time. Abroad, there is no such thing as a "foreigner", collective or otherwise: there is a man living in his own country, and living also, the same man, in a world of other countries. A man can of course disrupt himself by letting a conflict develop inside him between his various aspects: if he does so, however, he does not become two men, unless schizophrenia

intervenes, but remains one man, albeit less of a whole man than before. Or we may say that there are no collective men or political men or foreigners; there are only ourselves and our neighbours.

By what logic of head or heart, then, do we split people up in this manner, and ourselves in our relations with them? By no such logic. In domestic politics, feebleness of imagination is at the root of the trouble: this, and our lazy habit of leaving it to "them", to the experts and politicians. It has always been easy enough to see a hungry child at one's own table: it was not so easy, in the thirties, to see one in Jarrow, two or three hundred miles perhaps away. As for the professionals: devoted though many of them are—it was a concern for others, maybe as often as not, that primarily attracted them to politics, and they are of course indispensable anyhow—their very professionalism, their daily involvement in the detail of political mechanics, makes it hard for them to keep unremittingly on their imaginative tip-toes, and a public opinion behind them should make up the deficiency. Even so, and in respect alike of ordinary people and of professionals, there has been a good deal of advance more or less recently in a number of countries, and perhaps particularly in our own: so that, as referring to domestic affairs, the devil's aphorism is already wearing a bit thin. It is precisely the application of Christianity to politics, or of a tradition stemming from Christianity, that explains many admirable features of our political landscape, though there is still a lot of ground to be recovered from the devil's domain.

In the international sphere, where no such qualified

rosiness is visible, popular imagination works, if at all, with incomparably greater feebleness than in the domestic one: Hamburg is neither London nor Jarrow, but what Mr. Neville Chamberlain might have called, in other circumstances, a far-away city of which we know nothing. The politicians, for their part, are no longer simply politicians, handicapped in the manner just described: they are now professional patriots into the bargain (I intend no disrespect: I mean that they honourably see it as their business to put their own country first in all circumstances). And then there is, in their case as well, the personalisation already referred to.

These are some of the reasons why, to so great a degree and throughout so extensive an area, we don't apply Christianity to politics. They cannot affect, however, what no one who has followed my argument with any agreement will be ready to dispute, namely that we ought to. This is not to say that we can: and the devil himself, after all, doesn't deny that we ought to—he hints, in fact, rather the opposite—but merely insists that we *can't*. Then can we? Or have Niebuhr and Luther pronounced finally on the possibilities of human nature?

But before that is answered something else must be cleared out of the way. It is alleged that Christ himself didn't apply Christianity (or, if this seems an anachronism, his teaching) to politics, but on the contrary drew the firmest distinction between the personal and political spheres. The devil, as everyone knows, delights in quoting scripture for his purpose, and has a good deal of success, in the matter under discussion, with "Render therefore unto Caesar the

things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's". He surpasses himself in shabbiness here, for Christ is not only implying the exact opposite of what the devil pretends, he is also pouring scorn on a cheap attempt by his adversary, in the shape of some Pharisees, to trap him. But the devil is relying, as so often, on the shortness of our memories, so the passage had better be quoted in full:

> Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk.
>
> And they sent out unto him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men.
>
> Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?
>
> But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?
>
> Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny.
>
> And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription?
>
> They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.
>
> When they had heard these words, they marvelled, and left him, and went their way.

Pressure was being put upon Jesus during the months of his ministry to lead an armed revolt against Rome: but,

applying Christianity to the international field as well as to the national and personal ones, he knew that this was not the way, but that, where all was one, if a man drew the sword he would surely perish by it. The Pharisees were aware of this, and calculated that, by putting the question to him, they would have him either way: if he said no, it is not lawful, he would be in bad with the Romans: if he said yes, it is lawful, he would be in bad with the Zealots (and, they may well have thought, with one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, too). But Jesus was far too clever for them, combining, to a degree few had ever done before or have ever done since, the wisdom of serpents with the harmlessness of doves: he seized the opportunity, while escaping from their trap, of teaching them the true doctrine. Which is that you should not fight an occupation by arms, nor should you provoke violence by anything so ultimately meaningless or, to use the old word, unreal as a refusal to pay tribute, which belongs to the world of material unrealities: but you should fight it by example, even, if that cup may not pass, by your own crucifixion. In other words, by applying Christianity to politics.

And the Pharisees were ashamed: they went on their way "marvelling".

At the very outset of his ministry Jesus was tempted, by the devil in person, to choose the old way, which is also so largely the present one, in international politics: he was offered all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, if he would only agree to commit the wickedness involved, or, as the devil put it, to fall down and worship him. And Jesus replied, It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy

God, and him only shalt thou serve. Is this drawing a firm distinction between the personal and political spheres? Or between the collective man and the individual man? And if it is said that Jesus was speaking for himself, and not for average human beings, is he not identifying himself with all humanity when he says, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me?

The wonder of the whole Gospel, its power to move us sometimes almost unbearably, consists precisely in this: that its demand upon us is total, a demand upon our whole personality in every one of its aspects. There is no distinction between self and family and friends on the one hand and people we don't know on the other: the young man with great possessions was to sell all he had and give it to the poor, and when someone told Jesus that his mother and brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him, he answered, stretching forth his hand toward his disciples, Behold my mother and my brethren: for whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. There is no distinction, either, between nationals and foreigners: all are, or should be, neighbours, as the parable of the good Samaritan teaches. If the disciples were charged by him to go not into the way of the Gentiles, this was for the very good reason that a nation should examine its own morals before preaching to others. Only once, so far as I can remember, did Jesus show a trace of nationalist feeling, and that was when the woman of Canaan begged him to heal her daughter, and he replied, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and again,

It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs. But then after all He was a Jew (and, to avoid misunderstanding, I use a capital here for the first and last time), and it must have been difficult beyond belief for a Jew of that time to avoid a passing flicker of exclusiveness, particularly for a Jew with such a passionate conviction that his message was to the Jews. However, he recovered himself immediately, and "her daughter was made whole from that very hour".

But in sum: a simple experiment should decide, beyond any possible doubt, whether Jesus drew the slightest distinction, first, between nationals and foreigners, and second, between personal and political relations. After the words "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you" and so on, omit everything to the end of the passage, all about the Father who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust: and substitute, to dispose of the first question, "provided they are personal enemies and not enemies of your nation", and, to dispose of the second, "but your representatives may use the national enemy as despitefully as they wish". If Jesus can be imagined as saying that, he becomes, as everyone will agree, a ludicrous parody of Jesus. But that is precisely what in effect we are making him say on the hypothesis I am attacking.

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But *can* we emulate Jesus? Can we apply Christianity, in particular, to the international sphere? Or is it true that "the individuals could not possibly think themselves into

the position of the individuals of another nation in a degree sufficient to ensure pure benevolence"? I am sure that Niebuhr is wrong, and I shall cite one example out of many to prove it.

In 1945, when the war ended, a great number of Germans were starving. The German government had done unspeakable things, and a widespread propaganda of hatred had been in progress for six years, directed, not only against the Nazis, but against the whole German people. Here, to refresh memories, are a few extracts from the press of 1941; the words in capitals reproduce headlines or subheads:

"TERROR FOR THEM

. . . There is only one way open to us to clean and purify the minds of Germans still dreaming of victory, still completely remorseless in their ideas of attaining it. That is by bombing not sense but fear into them.

A taste of what they ordered for other people, a terror that still more is coming, will break Germany . . ."

"HORRIBLE DEATH

Europe yet will wreak vengeance on these Germans. They, too, will die and die horribly."

"THE GERMANS DESERVE TO BE HATED

. . . If you ask my view—Should brotherly love continue? After this war should we all work to rebuild Germany? And so forth—I am quite incapable of discussing and defining such fine points. All I know is . . . that I hate their guts . . .

Let brotherly love continue, my brothers: but let us understand WHO are of the brotherhood. . . .

I myself made a mistake thinking that we could ever be

friends with these Germans. Why make mistakes unless one learns?

Holding firmly that while there is peace nothing so becomes a man as to maintain it, I did what little I could in upholding the ever-glorious campaign of Neville Chamberlain for appeasement with Hitler. . .

But if you ask me: 'Do I hate the Germans?' I will answer you with a question: 'Name the man, name the nation, quote me one human being who (not being a German) loves the Germans?'

Never in all history was such retributive hate being stored up as is now for the sanguinary Hun.

Whatever may be the declarations of the Atlantic Conference, I guess the Germans' earth will yet be scorched."

" 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth' is not always a sound or a just law. But it is the only law suitable for Germans when the bloodlust is in them. The sooner we apply it to them, without squeamishness, and with steel in our hearts. . .

This war is a national business. Not just the business of those who have to go and put on uniforms.

NOT ENOUGH HATE

. . . You can't win a war like this without hating your enemy."

This had been in 1941. By 1945 the propaganda had intensified: and then, as the Allies moved in, Belsen was opened.

Well, only a month or so later a small committee was formed, with Eleanor Rathbone as a leading member of it,

to alleviate German starvation. It called itself "Save Europe Now". Everyone connected with it was heavily engaged in other work: it had no money to begin with, only a tiny cubicle for an office, and a staff of one secretary and one shorthand typist. But it moved mountains, or at any rate the Government of Great Britain.

The proposal was that people should send to Germany, and anywhere else in Europe where similar circumstances might rule, a contribution from their personal rations: there was never any idea that "public" food should be sent. This involved some sacrifice, as anyone who recollects the rationing conditions of that time will agree: and though I would not wish to overstress it, many found it very real. The Government was unremittingly hostile: the proposal was rejected, usually with contempt and occasionally with regret according to the official in charge, but always decisively. And certain organs of public opinion were not helpful.

And what happened? The immediate response was relatively small, but it grew with a rapidity that astonished even the most hopeful of the organisers. One newspaper took to running a regular correspondence "feature" for and against: those in favour began as a small minority, and ended, if I remember rightly, as a majority of ninety-three per cent. At that point, about a year after the campaign had got going, the Government felt obliged to give way: they announced that the ban on food parcels was now removed, and published an elaborate procedure to prevent anything but personal rations from being included. Three quarters of a million parcels were sent.

Meanwhile, the committee had been appealing for funds.

A quarter of a million pounds or more was contributed: the total including a remarkable number of stamps and postal orders from old-age pensioners, living on a few shillings a week. And something else was afoot. The German prisoners of war were being kept from their homes far longer than seemed necessary: so a petition was organised for their speedy return, and an extraordinarily high percentage of the most eminent men and women in the country put their names to it. I have it on the authority of the Minister responsible that this petition, and this petition alone, persuaded the Government to send the prisoners back home six months earlier than they had intended. . . So much for Niebuhr's conviction that "the individuals could not possibly think themselves into the position of the individuals of another nation in a degree sufficient to ensure pure benevolence"! So much for the helplessness of public opinion! So much for the inability of the "common people" to achieve anything in the political sphere, national or international, of their own volition!

And I repeat that the committee was a handful of busy people who never had a proper office and never increased their paid staff. The public did their work for them.

Why did all this happen? For the simplest, one might almost say for the most obvious, of reasons. A positive voice had gone out, and had conquered the negative one of hatred. And what might not be achieved, what steps might not be taken to the kingdom of heaven (which I shall come to presently, in both senses I hope), if that tiny initiative could be multiplied a thousandfold?

But at those fatal words the kingdom of heaven I see the

devil approaching, disguised as a theologian, and getting hot under the dog-collar in his eagerness to put the question, a singularly apt one on his lips, "Don't you believe in original sin?" I shall save him the trouble by telling him that I do: adding, in my irritation, "so what?". Or I do if what is meant by it is, not a postulate of one of the nicer lapsarianisms, but our animal nature, rendered perilous for the precise reason that we are not wholly animal, and are prone in our self-consciousness, and in the freedom of choice that has been granted us, to use animal instincts with a deliberativeness, and for purposes, of which animals would be incapable. We don't need the devil to tell us, but can see for ourselves, that we are infected, some more than others but all, except perhaps a saint or two, to a degree, with a lamentable pride and presumptuousness,[1] and that this may, and probably will, prevent us from establishing the kingdom of heaven in its fulness on the physical earth, if the latter survives. But there is nothing more devitalising than an obsession with sin, original or otherwise, as a concourse of genuine experts, ranging from Marcus Aurelius and Sir Thomas Browne and Saint Teresa and Sri Ramakrishna to a whole synagogue of Chassidic Rabbis, have pointed out: and the topic is, anyhow, nothing to the point here. The Christian demand upon us is absolute ("Be ye therefore perfect"): the absoluteness of the gospel is its essence, and this is precisely the ground of attack by so typically antichristian a moralist as Klausner, who complains that Jesus, by carrying the Jewish ethic to extremes, robbed

[1] These were very well described by Bradley as "opposition attempted by a finite subject against its proper whole".

it of its feasibility. But because the demand is absolute, it does not follow that the result of listening to it will be absolute: on the contrary, it will suffer all degree and manner of deformation as it struggles for fulfilment through our faulty human nature. Let the devil take comfort at that, and lick his oily lips as he may. But the point of course is this: If we accept the gospel as absolute, and try to respond to it, with whatever compromises and however half-heartedly, as such, we may achieve something: if we start by pretending that it doesn't mean what it says we shall certainly achieve nothing.

And so I come to my final topic in this pilpul or disputation, namely the kingdom of heaven. I have to risk saying a dozen words or so about that, because the devil relies, in some degree, for the theological defence of his aphorism on an opposition between this world and the other or next. No such opposition exists, at any rate in the sense that the devil, though not always the theologians who speak for him, intends to convey: how could there be if everything is ultimately one, as we must now take for granted—if Reality, that is, cannot be something with something outside of it, something totally divorced from it, something in final opposition to it? "This" world must be, in a manner no one could attempt to define, part and parcel of "the other", of the spiritual one. For my own part I share the opinion of millions before me: it is by spiritual living in this world that, to the degree of it, or to the degree of the attempt at it, or perhaps irrespective of degree, the kingdom of heaven is achieved. Or, to put it a bit differently, this world, spiritually lived in, is a chamber of the kingdom of heaven, and its

whole purpose is that it should be spiritually lived in. It was Keats, I think, who called the earth a vale of soul-making, though I may have misquoted him.

That this is precisely what Jesus is saying in the parables of the kingdom can seem questionable only to those who are misled by the eschatological framework that environmentally conditioned his way of putting things. What, for instance, are the parables of the sower, of the hidden treasure, of the talents, of the leaven, and of the grain of mustard seed—"But when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof"—what are they but incomparably vivid expressions of a truth that, two millennia later, should at last be apparent to us, namely that to live in the spirit is positive and fruitful while materialism is negative and sterile, and that the consequences either way are inevitable? Once indeed any idea of the two worlds as dichotomous is expressly repudiated by Jesus: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! For, behold, the kingdom of God is among you." "Among you", not "within you": ἐντὸς ὑμῶν is mistranslated in the Authorised and Revised Versions, for it means "within you" in classical and "among you" in Hellenistic Greek. But "within you" will do: to draw a rigid distinction between this world and the other, when the other is already within you while you are living in this, is metaphysically and even analytically grotesque.

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The whole of the above is by way of reply to some young

men at Oxford, who told me that they wanted to hear political arguments, not moral ones. So I shall leave the last word to William Blake, a rare sort of person whom the devil could never entrap, even or specially when in the shape of Jehovah: "Are not Religion and Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion!"

(b) "We don't want emotionalism, we want reason"

This second item in the devil's repertoire appears on almost every programme, and nearly always succeeds, though the trick is rather obvious: it consists in substituting the pejorative "emotionalism" for the respectable "emotion", and in suggesting a necessary opposition between emotion and the even more respectable reason. There is no such necessary opposition: reason, properly understood, is the handmaid of emotion, truly felt. What the devil is really saying, under the thinnest of camouflages, is "Don't *feel* too much!" This is devilish bad advice, as of course it is meant to be: for the art of good living is largely the art of feeling as much as possible, provided it is true feeling.

The whole matter has been expounded with a beautiful antidevilish clarity by Professor Macmurray in his *Reason and Emotion*, which I have cited already in another context. Emotion, he points out, is not the Cinderella of our life, to be kept in her place among the ashes: our emotions are *us*, the living fountain of our conduct, in a way our intellect can never be. As for reason, this is not our capacity to think, but the crucial element, if we are to be fully human, in our

thinking and feeling alike: it is that in us through which we establish contact with objective reality. Intellectual reason prevents us from faking an experiment for our own purposes: emotional reason prevents us from hating, for to hate a man is to make him *our* emotional instrument rather than emotionally to experience *him*. The midwife of emotional reason is imaginative insight.

Our desperate need, as we have seen, is to live *in* the world, and, above all, *in* our fellow human beings, to the limit of our capacities: and while thought can show us that this is desirable, to achieve it is a matter of sensibility. Our task, in respect of our emotional life, is therefore twofold: we have to enrich it, on the one hand, in depth and comprehensiveness, and to purge it, on the other, of unreality. We do both by training it in sensitiveness to the object. *For living in our senses does not mean using our senses for the pleasure they can give us, for self-gratification. It means the precise opposite. It means maintaining and increasing our sensitiveness to the world outside, irrespective of whether it gives us pleasure or pain. It means keeping as fully alive to things as they are, whether they are pleasant or unpleasant, as we possibly can. It means being open to reality.*

The words in italics will indicate what is the proper, as distinct from the pejorative, use of the word emotionalism.

(c) "Too much sentimentality!"

A variant of the above, but a bit lighter in tone, and to be ejaculated with a shrug of the shoulders. The idea is to suggest an amiable weakness, rather than something really

pernicious, as in the case of emotionalism. My remarks about living in Nature will be dismissed as sentimental. So will a proposal that will shortly be made in America by Pablo Casals: namely that on December 10th, the anniversary of the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of Man, every orchestra in the world should play the choral movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which celebrates the brotherhood of man, so that music may protest internationally against atomic warfare. (A phrase from it appears on the title-page of this book.)

But for the word sentimentality, its use and abuse, the *locus classicus* is hunting (and the other things we rob of their g's). People will have the hardihood to tell you that an objection to hunting is sentimental. The boot is on the other leg: it is hunting that is sentimental (as well as abominably cruel) because to hunt is to use other life, the life of the creature hunted, in the cheap service of our own sensibility. We want excitement, the pleasure of co-operating with others, the sense of well-being to be got from riding on horseback under a wintry sky: and our natural excitement, our natural pleasure, our natural sense of well-being are so miserably feeble that we have to pump them up artificially by depriving another creature of his own natural response to the life that God or whatever has given him. And we consider this manly or pukka! As well apply the same epithets to an alcoholic, who is in similar case, except that he uses whisky or gin, instead of living flesh and blood, as his prop. The huntsman, luxuriating in his own emotions, is one of the weakest of sentimentalists: over against him is the strong man of sentiment, the man of true sensibility, who

can enjoy other life for its own sake, instead of using it as a mere adjunct to his.

(d) "It isn't practical"

As the devil knows very well, having been about the place since his expulsion from heaven, nothing is ever practical till it has been achieved, and then it rapidly becomes a commonplace: but the apophthegm is extremely useful to him, for he can rely upon it to exploit, perhaps more fully than any other, not only the lethargy, alike in thought and in action, of the human species, but also an endemic conviction, curiously flattering in its bogus hardheadedness to our insistent self-esteem, that we are all to a degree business men. An ape would have laughed at the idea of a man, and probably did when he first saw one: and as for an amoeba, what would it have thought, do you imagine, of Einstein or even Hitler, should the capacity to think have been granted it? Or if, to consider our own allegedly human achievements, you had talked to the Neanderthals about television, supposing you had been there, wouldn't they have shouted some guttural equivalent of "Cloud-cuckoo-land!" (see below)? And now look at it all (if you must). And to emerge from the realm of fantasy, you have only to read some popular history-book to discover what was thought at the time, and not only by men in the street but also by politicians and churchmen of high intelligence and considerable virtue, about proposals to regulate factories, or establish Trade Unions, or outlaw sweated labour, or abolish the death sentence, God forbid,

for babies who had stolen a shilling. "It isn't practical! It can't be done! It will mean ruin!"—this is what they cried. And now Trade Unionists are in the seats of the mighty (and a bit of a nuisance there sometimes), and we all but abolished, a year or so back, the death sentence for adult murderers. The fact is that to be unpractical, in devilish terminology, is to take anything but the lowest possible view, which is a false view, of human potentialities, and to go a millimetre outside the radius of what the humdrum take for granted because they've never made the effort to think for themselves.

For God's sake let's get straight about it. To be practical, genuinely practical, is more important than anything else in the world; and what it means is this: to do away with that breach between the so-called ideal and the so-called practical, to abandon that lie at the heart of our living, which has brought us to such a pass that we are busily preparing, at this very moment as I write, for the final practicality of ending human existence by atomic inventions: by inventions which have issued—and here is the heart of the matter, this is the breach to be healed—from that purest, most "ideal" characteristic of human nature, the search after truth. To be practical is to be revolutionary, as the gospels are revolutionary: to rate the first as last, and the last as first: to bring heaven down to earth and take earth up to heaven: to stop fighting against God. There is no other practicality: everything else is self-contradiction and self-destruction.

(e) "It isn't realistic"

Interchangeable, for ordinary purposes, with the last, but given an extra touch of obnoxiousness in that the nature covertly attributed by it to reality (and the nature of reality is the criterion of all human conduct) reverses the true one. Christ tells us to love our enemies, for instance, precisely because to do so is realistic, harmonious with final reality ("God is Love", or, if you prefer, "We have come into being for co-operation, therefore to thwart one another is against Nature, and we do thwart one another by showing resentment and aversion"): Antichrist calls it realistic for us not to, because for *him* the final reality is nothingness or indifference or strife or hatred. And he would not be Antichrist if he refrained from attempting to convert us.

(f) "They're the sort of people you've got to get tough with"
or
"You can't be soft with such people"

Toughness is one of the devil's prime virtues. Masquerading as an admirable virility, it excuses various shades of disrespect for the human person—in others, and so in ourselves—ranging, in order of devilish excellence, from a minor insensitiveness up to the cruellest brutalities of intention or language or deed. Toughness in our modern civilisation was recently exemplified at its apogee by the thugs of Belsen

and such practitioners of Soviet justice as Comrade Vishinsky: typical exponents at home, in a fair state of devilish advancement, are people who howl for the reintroduction of flogging by the cat-o'-nine-tails. Among the vices antithetical to toughness are (apart from softness) sentimentality (see above) and gullibility (see below).

(g) "But that's a counsel of perfection"

I.e. an attempt (which may always be vitiated, in whatever degree, by original sin) to act as decently as possible. The phrase, for its full effect, must be spoken with tolerant amusement and the merest suspicion of a sneer, and should imply sorrow rather than anger at the other's simplicity. See on impracticability above.

(h) "Cloud-cuckoo-land!"

The region where men attempt to behave as decently as possible. Actually it is a town in mid-air, halfway between gods and men, invented by the poet Aristophanes: but this must never be revealed, even by those who are aware of it, for the disclosure might appear to suggest a certain desirability about it as a place of residence—higher than earth, lower than heaven, and so as far as human beings, in their mortal condition, can get.

§ 2

SPECIALISED ITEMS FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT DISCUSSIONS

(i) "It's opposed to all common sense"

This is particularly alleged about the doctrine that it is better to endure than to inflict suffering, and those who allege it are, as often as not, professing Christians. Do they deny then that Christ, like Socrates, did in fact teach this doctrine, or that (whatever our view of the Temple episode may be in terms whether of authenticity or of interpretation) he exemplified this teaching on Calvary? The whole point of Christianity, of course, is that it runs counter to all "common sense", i.e. to the "natural" instincts of average men and women (stemming from their animal nature) at the present stage of their development.

(j) "I could understand it if you were a pacifist"

This is excellent value, for it kills two birds with one stone. The word pacifist has become derogatory, so that if you admit to pacifism you confess yourself, to the public mind, either a simpleton or a scoundrel, and if you don't you convict yourself of illogicality. Now it is true, and indeed should be emphasised, that there is no difference in kind between "block-busters", or, for that matter, rifles or bows and arrows, and hydrogen bombs: and those who object to

the latter on "moral" grounds, and yet deny that they are pacifists, have failed to think out their position. This is a pacifist book from the opening sentence to the present one, and I could wish that it might convert the whole world to pacifism. But it is possible to be shocked by nuclear weapons into an awareness of what violence means, but be reluctant to face, for the time being, the logical conclusion; and nothing could be meaner than for people who are still at the starting-point to attack others who are half-way over, but not yet at the tape. You don't sneer at a man for giving a crust of bread to a starving friend, because you know or imagine that he wouldn't give it to a starving enemy.

(k) "Ordinary war-wounds are quite as bad . . .

I know it. I once saw a set of photographs of the mutilated of the first world war in a hospital in Paris: I was instructed, when a cadet in 1914, to give the bayonet a little twist after driving it home: and I once heard tell, when a friend came on leave, of another friend lying in no-man's-land for a full forty-eight hours with his guts hanging out. To come nearer up to date, most people have a pretty fair idea, even if they have never happened on a detailed account, of the sort of thing a commando was trained to do when the moment arrived, as he probably still is, if not worse things: and a good deal of information has got around about the effects of napalm bombing in Korea (people could not sit or lie but had to stand until death, their skin being one vast crackle). Yes, we all know: and must conclude from the knowledge,

not that "there's nothing specially terrible about an atom-bomb war", but that there's something very terrible indeed about any sort of war. (I'm not at all sure, on reconsideration, that this, rather than "You can't apply Christianity to politics", isn't the devil's star turn.)

(l) . . . and so is cancer"

Certainly: but we don't deliberately induce cancer, except as a regrettable by-product of atom-bombing.

* * *

A last jotting. The devil is fond of warning us not to be gullible. This goes down well, for we all detest making fools of ourselves. But we should be on our guard: for anxiety to prevent the other man putting it over on us, which is what the devil is urging under cover of an appeal to our pride, is the typical virtue, in the devil's sense, of the beady-eyed, the crafty and the mean. The ungullible are of the same kidney as those who never put anything into writing that may embarrass them later: who are on the perpetual qui vive against committing themselves irrevocably: who rarely admit anything until compelled to: who never apologise. They sneer at what they describe as "hard-luck stories": they suspect a blind or paralysed beggar of faking, and act accordingly. Their opposites are the free, the frank, the men or women who are always ready to give the other man the benefit of the doubt: God's simpletons, in fact, and obnoxious to the devil as such.

In dealing with the Russians we want more gullibility, not less. We could hardly have less: we see every proposal as a manœuvre, every statement as propaganda aimed at neutral opinion, anything that might assuage the cold war as another effort to win it. The Foreign Office must "study" the document, to uncover what it really means: their first reaction is "unfavourable": "there is little sign that Mr. Dulles is taking it seriously". And the Russians, of course, behave likewise.

The better way, I cannot help thinking, is the one for which Schweitzer appealed in a broadcast this spring:

"We live in a time when the good faith of peoples is doubted more than ever before. Expressions throwing doubt on the trustworthiness of each other are bandied back and forth. They are based on what happened in the first world war, when the nations experienced dishonesty, injustice and inhumanity from one another. How can a new trust come about? And it must.

"We cannot continue in this paralysing mistrust. If we want to work our way out of the desperate situation in which we find ourselves another spirit must enter into the people. It can only come if the awareness of its necessity suffices to give us strength to believe in its coming. We must presuppose the awareness of this need in all the peoples who have suffered along with us. We must approach them in the spirit that we are human beings, all of us, and that we feel ourselves fitted to feel with each other; to think and to will together in the same way.

"The awareness that we are all human beings together has

become lost in war and through politics. We have reached the point of regarding each other only as members of a people either allied with us or against us and our approach: prejudice, sympathy or antipathy are all conditioned by that. Now we must rediscover the fact that we—all together—are human beings, and that we must strive to concede to each other what moral capacity we have. Only in this way can we begin to believe that in other peoples as well as in ourselves there will arise the need for a new spirit, which can be the beginning of a feeling of mutual trustworthiness towards each other. The spirit is a mighty force for transforming things. . . .

"At this stage we have the choice of two risks: the one lies in continuing the mad atomic arms race, with its danger of an unavoidable atomic war in the near future; the other in the renunciation of nuclear weapons, and in the hope that America and the Soviet Union, and the peoples associated with them, will manage to live in peace. The first holds no hope of a prosperous future; the second does. We must risk the second.

"In President Eisenhower's speech following the launching of the Sputnik on 7th November 1957, he said, 'What the world needs more than a gigantic leap into space is a gigantic leap into peace'. This gigantic leap consists in finding the courage to hope that the spirit of good sense will arise in individuals and in peoples, a spirit sufficiently strong to overcome the insanity and inhumanity."

* * *

I have finished, and shall forego a peroration. All I would

beg of the reader is that he should not allow himself to be put off by facile charges of sentimentality or impracticability or emotionalism, nor should put himself off with these or similar alibis: that he should reinterpret in his own thought and language anything in my way of putting things, in my thinking or writing, that may have gone against the grain with him: and that he should free himself, above all, from the conviction that nothing can be done. If enough people care, everything can be done.

THE END

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